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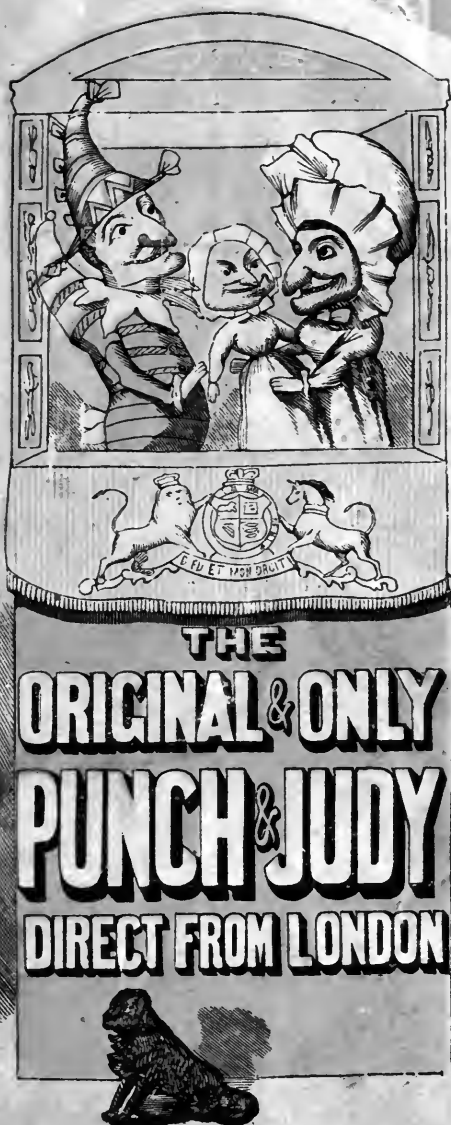


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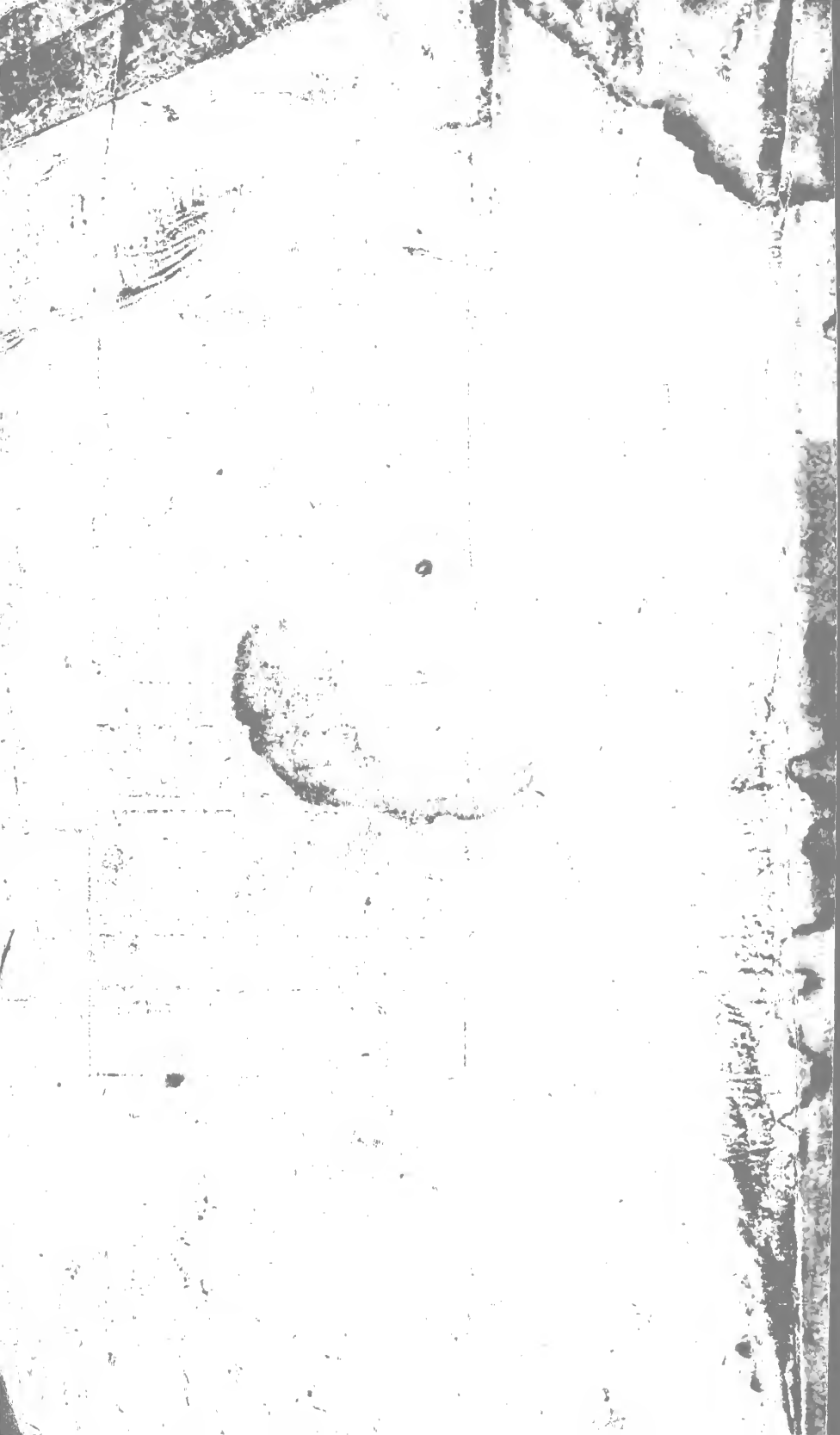
PUNCH AND JUDY



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PUNCH AND JUDY.



MR. PUNCH.

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

LIST OF ENGRAVINGS FROM ORIGINALS

BY

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

	PAGE.
Portrait of Mr. Punch.....	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
Behind the Scenes	10
Punch and his Dog Toby.....	26
Punch with his Horse Hector.....	27
Judy Beats Punch	32
The Doctor Physics Mr. Punch	34
Scaramouch and his Fiddle.....	49
Punch and his Pretty Polly.....	50
Punch and his Music.....	52
Punch teaches Jack Ketch how to hang a man.....	57
Punch fights Old Nick.....	60
Punch Victorious.....	61

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS NOT BY MR. GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

	PAGE.
The Performance of the Tragedy.....	<i>Title.</i>
The new Water Scene, and the Sinking Ship.....	17
Side view of a large Punch and Judy Theatre.....	17
The Spirit of Fun gives the Baby back to Judy.....	29
Mrs. Barrisnobe and the Dutchman	38
The Dutchman and Mary struggle for the bed	47
The Dutchman sees a Ship.....	63
Trial Scene by the Black Judge.....	65
The Snake swallows Mr. Punch	69
The Ventriloquial Champions.....	72
The Royal Marionettes.....	79

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Introduction,	9
Chapter I.—Origin of Punch in Italy,	11
II.—Origin and Progress of Puppet-Plays in England,	12
III.—Antiquity of Punch in America,	14
IV.—On the Construction of the Theatre and the Acting of the Puppets—on the Choice and Selection of Performing Figures—on the Management of the Punch Squeaker,	16

THE TRAGICAL ACTS, OR COMICAL TRAGEDIES OF PUNCH AND JUDY.

Punch and his Dog Toby,	25
Scaramouch with Punch and his Horse,	28
Punch, Judy and the Baby,	29
Punch sees a Ghost,	34
Punch and the Doctor,	34
Punch kills Scaramouch,	36
The Irishman tells Punch a little story,	36
Punch and the Opera Singer,	37
Clown troubles Mr. Punch,	37
The Persecuted Dutchman in Mrs. Barrisnobe's Hotel,	38
Schmidt is waited on by Teddy, Pretty Polly and Mrs. Barrisnobe; he retires to rest, but is disturbed all through the night by strange and uninvited visitors—first by Teddy, who gives him a clubbing, fol- lowed by a Clown, Irishman, the Doctor, Adelina, Captain Blowhard, Police Officer, a Lawyer, a Ghost, Mrs. Barrisnobe, with a final struggle betwixt Mary and the Dutchman, who attempts to carry off the bed,	39

CONTENTS.

7

	PAGE.
Scaramouch and his Fiddle,	49
Punch and his Pretty Polly,	50
Servant orders Punch to Stop his Music,	52
Punch and the Blind Man,	54
Punch and the Constable,	55
Punch hangs the Hangman,	57
Joey and Punch bury Jack Ketch,	59
Punch Alarmed at the Appearance of the Demon,	60
Gradually becoming bolder, he fights His Majesty,	61
Punch Victorious,	61
The Sinking Ship and Storm at Sea,	62
The Black Judge,	65
Punch in his famous \$25,000 Box Act,	69
Dialogue for a pair of Ventriloquial Champions,	73
A Young Lady's Conversation,	77
Price List of Punch and Judy Properties,	78
The Royal Marionettes,	79



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INTRODUCTION.

With the assistance of information that we have gained, being a practical performer of acknowledged ability, we are about to fill up a *hiatus* in theatrical history.

It is singular that, to the present day, save by one author of a valuable work, now out of print, no other attempt has been made to illustrate the origin, biography and character of a person so distinguished and notorious as MR. PUNCH. His name and his performances are familiar to all ranks and ages; yet none have hitherto taken the trouble, in this country or abroad, to make any inquiries regarding himself, his family or connections. The "studious Bayle" is recorded to have repeatedly sallied from his retreat, at the sound of the cracked trumpet, announcing his arrival in Rotterdam; and we ourselves, who have often hunted our favorite performer from street to street, saw the late Mr. Windham, then one of the Secretaries of State, on his way from Downing Street to the House of Commons, on a night of important debate, pause like a truant boy until the whole performance was concluded, to enjoy a hearty laugh at the whimsicalities of "the motley hero." But it is needless to particularize. Punch has

"made our youth to laugh,
Until they scarcely could look out for tears;"

while the old have stood by, "delighted with delight" of others, and themselves, too, enjoying the ludicrous representation. Why the interest has hitherto been limited to the period of representation, and whether it has not in part arisen from inability to satisfy it, is not for us to explain. We confine ourselves to an endeavor, in some degree, to supply the deficiency.

The contrast between the neglect Mr. Punch has experienced, and the industry employed in collecting particulars relating to other performers of far less reputation, is remarkable. Nevertheless, it is undeniable that his fame has spread "without his stirring" over all the

kingdoms of the civilized world. To use the wordy periphrasis of Dr. Johnson,

“Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru,”

if it can, and it will everywhere behold Punch dispensing “the luxury of a laugh.” It is literally true that some years ago he found his way to Canton; and that since the South American Revolution he has been seen even on the western side of the Andes. He is, perhaps, himself in part to blame for the neglect we have noticed. Several of the principal supporters of our theatres, in our own day, have given their memoirs to the world, either by writing them with their own hands, or by furnishing the materials to others; and the works of this kind by dead actors, “the forgotten of the stage,” consist of many volumes. Whether it has arisen from an absence of that vanity (may we call it?) which has at times influenced his histrionic rivals, or from a somewhat haughty reluctance on his part to gratify public curiosity, we know not.



CHAPTER I.

ORIGIN OF PUNCH IN ITALY.

Mr. Punch (whose original family name was probably *Pulcinella*) first came into existence at Acerra, an ancient city at a short distance from Naples. The date of this event is differently stated by authors who have incidentally mentioned him, Riccoboni fixing it before the year 1600, and Gimma and Signorelli after the commencement of the seventeenth century. The words of Gimma are very precise, and as he enters into particulars, it seems safe to rely upon his authority for this important fact.

The performances, in which the actor was left to his own talents and discretion in furnishing the dialogue, were once extremely popular throughout Italy; but from the very nature of the representation, it unluckily happens that not a single specimen has been handed down to our time.

However, to pursue this topic would lead us away from the object of our present inquiry. We take it for granted that Silvio Fiorillo invented *Pulcinella*, and first introduced him as a variety in the list of buffoons required to represent the impromptu comedies of Naples: but, although he may date his separate existence from about the year 1600, it is a matter of much doubt whether he was not, in fact, only a branch of a family of far greater antiquity. The discovery, in the year 1727, of a bronze statue of a mime, called by the Romans *Maccus*, has indeed led some antiquaries to the conclusion that he was, in fact, *Pulcinella* under a different name, but with the same attributes, and among them a hump-back and a large nose.

The dress, too, corresponds very much with the *molley* or parti-colored habit of the clowns of our old dramatic poets. It is true that the different hues have been arranged with greater regularity, and the patches are of smaller size. The ordinary habiliments of Punch at the present day, preserved by ancient usage, with his pointed fool's-cap, bear a much nearer resemblance; and this is one circumstance that evidences the strong family likeness between the Vice, Harlequin and *Puncinella*. Riccoboni represents the ancient Harlequin in a

dress composed of patches, as if his ragged clothes had been often mended, and Goldoni speaks of him as originally a poor, foolish dolt.

According to Quadrio, in his "Storia d'ogni Poesia," the name of our hero has relation to the length of his nose: he would spell it Pullicinello from *Pulliceno*, which Mr. D'Israeli translates "turkey-cock," an allusion to the beak of that bird. Baretti has it Pulcinella, because that word in Italian means a hen-chicken, whose cry the voice of Punch is said to resemble. Pollicenello, as it has also been written, in its etymology from *pollice*, "the thumb," goes upon the mistaken presumption that his size was always diminutive, like that of our English worthy, of cow-swallowing memory. The French *Ponche* has been fancifully derived from no less a personage than Pontius Pilate of the old Mysteries, whom, in barbarous times, the Christians wished to abuse and ridicule. If we cannot settle the disputed point, it is very evident that, in future, ingenuity and learning will be thrown away in attempting further elucidation.

CHAPTER II.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF PUPPET-PLAYS IN ENGLAND.

Before we proceed farther, it will be necessary to consider, briefly, the antiquity and nature of puppet-plays in the old country. It is the more proper to do so, because they form a branch of our drama which has never been examined by the historians of our stage with as much interest and industry as the subject deserves. When we mention that no less a man than Dr. Johnson was of opinion that puppets were so capable of representing even the plays of Shakspeare, that *Macbeth* might be performed by them as well as by living actors, it will be evident from such a fact only, that the inquiry is far from unimportant. In connection with this opinion, and confirmatory of it, we may add, that a person of the name of Henry Rowe, shortly before the year 1797, did actually, by wooden figures, for a series of years, go through the action of the whole of that tragedy, while he himself repeated the dialogue which belongs to each of the characters.

Puppet-plays are of very ancient date in England; and, if they were not contemporary with our Mysteries, they probably immediately succeeded them.

The formidable rivalship of puppet-plays to the regular drama is

established by the fact that the proprietors of the theatres in Drury Lane, and near Lincoln's Inn Fields, formerly petitioned Charles II. that a puppet-show stationed on the present site of Cecil Street in the Strand, might not be allowed to exhibit, or might be removed to a greater distance, as its attractiveness materially interfered with the prosperity of their concerns. It is not unlikely that burlesque and ridicule were sometimes aimed at the productions of the regular stage by the exhibitors of "motions."

Powell's show was set up in Covent Garden, opposite to St. Paul's Church; and the *"Spectator"* (No. 14) contains the letter of the sexton, who complained that the performances of Punch thinned the congregation in the church, and that, as Powell exhibited during the time of prayers, the tolling of the bell was taken, by all who heard it, for notice of the intended commencement of the exhibition. The writer of the paper then proceeds, in another epistle, to establish that the puppet-show was much superior to the opera of "*Rinaldo and Armida*," represented at the Haymarket, and to observe that "too much encouragement could not be given to Mr. Powell's skill in *motions*." A regular parallel is drawn between the two, which ends most decidedly in favor of Powell in every respect but the inferior point of the moral.

From these sources we collect, most distinctly, that the popularity of Punch was completely established, and that he triumphed over all his rivals, materially lessening the receipts at least at the Opera, if not at the regular national theatres, and accomplishing at that period, by his greater attractiveness, what Dennis, by his "*Essay on Operas after the Italian manner*," and other *critiques de profession*, had been unable to effect. He could hardly have taken such firm possession of the public mind if he had only recently emigrated from his native country.

The late Mr. Joseph Strutt, in his "*Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*," thus speaks of the puppet-shows in his time: "In my memory these shows consisted of a wretched display of wooden figures, barbarously formed and decorated, without the least degree of taste or propriety: the wires that communicated the motion to them appeared at the top of their heads, and the manner in which they were made to move evinced the ignorance and inattention of the managers. The dialogues were mere jumbles of absurdities and nonsense, intermixed with low, immoral discourses, passing between Punch and the fiddler, for the orchestra rarely admitted of more than one minstrel; and these flashes of merriment were made offensive to decency by the actions of the puppet."

From whatever cause the change may have arisen, certain it is that at present, in the ordinary exhibitions of "Punch and Judy," the breaches of decorum complained of by Mr. Strutt are rare and slight.

We have never seen less than two men concerned in these ambulatory exhibitions: one to carry the theatre and use Punch's tin whistle, and the other to bear the box of puppets and blow the trumpet. During the performance the money is collected from the bystanders, and far from agreeing with Mr. Strutt that the contributions are "very trifling," we have seen, for we have taken the pains to ascertain it, three, four and five shillings obtained at each repetition; so that, supposing only ten performances take place in a summer's day, the reward to the two men, on an average, might be about a sovereign each. On one occasion we remember to have seen three different spectators give sixpence, besides the pennies elsewhere contributed, on which the collector went back to the theatre and whispered the exhibitor, who immediately made Punch thus address the crowd: "Ladies and gentlemen, I never yet played for sevenpence halfpenny, and I never will; so good-morning." He then "struck his tent" and departed, pocketing nearly two shillings, and excusing himself from going through the performance, under pretence that all the contributions he had received only amounted to sevenpence halfpenny.

CHAPTER III.

ANTIQUITY OF PUNCH IN AMERICA.

In the preceding chapters we have spoken of the origin, progress and high esteem held for Punch and puppet-plays throughout the countries of Italy and England; and judging from our own personal experience and actual knowledge, in still greater favor may Punch be said to hold for himself amongst the fun-loving Americans. What children's party is brought to a perfect state of merriment unless with the greetings and comicalities of Mr. Punch?

Though for a while the tracing of the adventures and travels of Mr. Punch throughout this land is lost, yet we have before us sufficient to show that his family are of good antiquity, the *New York Gazette* of Feb. 20th, 1739, having the following announcement:

"To-morrow will be performed, in Mr. Holt's long room, the new pantomime entertainment, in grotesque characters, called 'The Adventures of Harlequin and Scaramouch; or, The Spaniard Trick'd,' to which will be added an Optick, wherein will be represented in perspective several of the most noted cities and remarkable places in Europe and America, with a new Prologue and Epilogue addressed to the town. To begin precisely at six o'clock. Tickets to be had at Mr. Holt's, at five shillings each."

Ireland's history of the New York stage preserves the next earliest record of mechanical puppets performed in this country. It refers to the *New York Gazette* of August, 1747:

"To be seen at the house of Mr. Hamilton Hewetson, at the sign of the Spread Eagle, near White Hall slip, Punch's opera, 'Bateman; or, The Unhappy Marriage,' with a fine dialogue between Punch and his wife, Joan, acted by a set of lively figures."

In August, 1749, the play of "Whittington and his Cat" was announced to be acted in New York city by Punch's company of comedians, and in the following year the same company, supposed to be mechanical figures, were to have performed the "Norfolk Tragedy; or, The Babes in the Wood," along with "Entertainments of Men and Women."

Passing on to the time within the memory of the present generation, we find that Mr. Punch came into special favor about the year 1866, as may be gathered from the reports in the English newspapers of that time, Manvers and others of England's best Punch and Judy players having left its shores to try their fortunes in America's more favored channels.

In 1874 the demand for puppets was so great that it became difficult to meet the wants of the many professors that had decided to become performers. Notwithstanding the growing number of actors, in the fall of 1876 not one unemployed Punch and Judy performer could be found in New York city.

As to the puppet-show of "Punch and Judy," it never is looked at by our people but as a mere joke; and a most effective part of that joke is the ultimate triumph of the hero; without it the representation would be not only "flat and stale," but "unprofitable." We have seen it so, for we remember a showman on one occasion not merely receiving little or no money, but getting lamentably pelted with mud, because, from some scruple or other, he refused to allow the victory over the Devil to Punch. Besides, it may surely deserve consideration,

whether, wicked as Punch unquestionably is, the Devil is not the worse offender of the two, and, consequently, the more deserving of punishment. If so, poetical justice is satisfied.

Recently an American showman has introduced a very famous popular piece as a closing act to the comical tragedies of Mr. Punch, in which our hero, after having gained a victory over the demon, is eventually himself swallowed up by a great snake. (*See the Act for Punch and his great \$25,000 Box Trick.*)

CHAPTER IV.

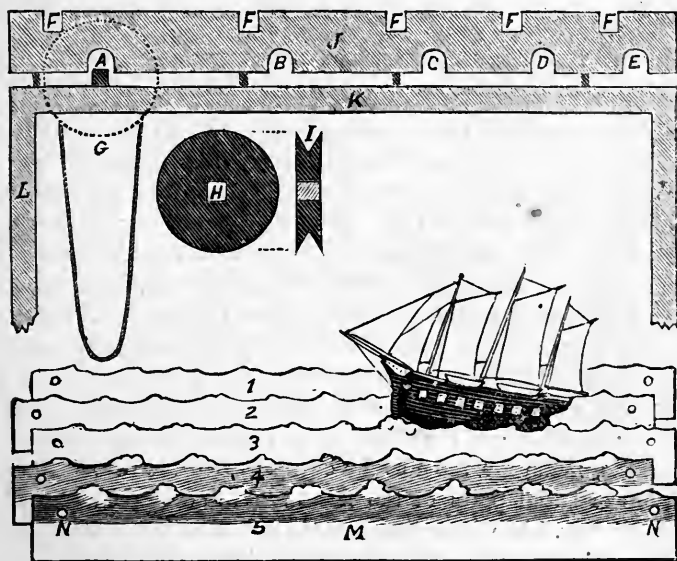
ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE THEATRE AND THE ACTING OF THE PUPPETS.

Having dwelt at some length on the antiquity and high popularity of Mr. Punch, we will devote the whole of this chapter in explaining to the reader how he may successfully arrange and work the figures, with a description of the frames or Punch and Judy houses in which the performer operates his troupe of puppets.

Portable frames, complete, ready for use, are advertised by the author in the last pages of this work; yet the reader, if a genius, may save half its cost by constructing for himself the little house. Obtain four pieces of pine, eight feet long, two inches in diameter; let them be planed on the four sides; divide each piece in the centre, and fix thereon an hinge, with a bolt on the opposite side; thus the four eight-feet pillars may be made to fold up to fit into any box or trunk four feet in length. Next cut six cross-pieces, 31 inches long, for the sides, two to be used for the centre, and four for the ends; next get ready five lengths, 36 inches long, to make the cross-pieces for the back and front of the frame, four to be fitted on the four ends, the remaining one to form the cross-piece on which you screw a flat piece of wood, six inches wide, to form the stage, which we advise to be fixed up about 59 inches from the ground, the whole to be clamped firmly together with twenty-two ordinary iron bolts and nuts. If each joint is mortised, the skeleton structure will have a wonderful degree of strength. To finish, cut a shelf from a ten-inch board, full 36 inches long; mortise two of the corners to fit or catch into the two front pillars; this you lay on the two centre cross-pieces, which forms you a snug interior shelf on which you lay all the figures that you use

in the performance. A proscenium, cut out of thick cardboard, and tastefully decorated or painted, should be hung in front of the stage. This, with the calico covering that you wrap around the frame, completes the structure, illustrations of which may be seen on our title-page and next succeeding engraving.

It is generally known that the writer of this book owns the largest and most complicated Punch and Judy theatre in the world, with its six changes of scenery; and, although its plan of construction has been kept secret, we think that to the readers of this work we ought to convey some idea of its specialties. We therefore not only give a description, but have caused our artist to make engravings of two of its most important parts of construction. The theatre is near ten feet in height, over six feet frontage, and the same distance in its depth to back of stage. Below we give a description of the engraving.



J, K is a side view of the little theatre; M forms a front view of an interior water scene, which is located towards the back of the stage; the flies, five in number, are painted green, with splashes of white to represent sea-foam; each fly is attached to two small green cords through the holes at N, N; there are two cross-pieces above, that traverse from the stage, front to back; on these are ten hooks; the green cords are strung on to these hooks; the five flies are then swung into motion, which, to the audience, represents a storm at sea. The ship sails along once the whole length; but on its second or third journey it is wrecked;

the sails ruffle up, and it gradually sinks beneath the waves. When there are two performers concealed in this theatre, the ship is made to meet another vessel (*a steamer*); the two to collide; one is wrecked, the other sails away safely. These ships are so constructed that they mechanically wreck at the will of the performer. L, L are two of the pillars of the theatre; K is the upper cross-beam, with four wooden pegs projecting out; J is a grooved board about five inches in diameter, with holes bored to correspond with the pegs to fit secure on the cross-beam K; A, B, C, D and E are half-circles, cut out to receive rollers containing the drop scenery; F, F, F, F, F are grooves cut to receive the wings that are placed in front of the drop scenery; H is the pulley; I shows section of pulley; G shows pulley and cord fitted on to the roller at A. The five pulleys should not be more than four inches in diameter. A should be the scene of a prison, B an hotel scene, C the forest, D the Black Hills, and E the background. A front drop scene can also be added, which does not stand located in the engraving. The remaining portion of this theatre is made and bolted together after the plan advised for the smaller frame. The theatre once properly built, each timber must be legibly marked before taken apart, so that the performer may speedily rebuild the same when wanted.

Having thus fully explained how to construct a Punch's theatre, we will now proceed to treat on

THE CHOICE AND SELECTION OF PERFORMING FIGURES,

of which there are two classes—the perfectly made and the imperfect. The latter, which are chiefly importations from foreign countries, should be studiously avoided by the performer. They may be distinguished from the properly made puppets by their cramping the hand, their shortness of dress bringing into special notice the arms of the performer as he attempts to manipulate them above the stage. The desirable genuine-made figures can only be safely secured by ordering them from a dealer or maker that is himself, also, a Punch and Judy player. A bona fide performer, of course, knows just how they ought to be made, and prides himself on their perfectness, improvements and advantages over those of the toy importers that deal in the productions of novices, made for them at the cheapest rates; hence the reducing of those essential parts of the dress that are of special advantage to the performer. We draw the reader's attention to the address of the dealer whose card will be found in the last pages of this book, and who will supply you with correctly made figures, and has every appurtenance and stage-requisite treated on in this work.

An operator can give a very fair show with an outfit of eight figures, to which, from time to time, he should add others, until he has a complete set, which are to be arranged on the inner shelf in his frame in the following order:

Under his left hand, at the end of shelf, he lays the Snake Demon and Little Dog; next to them the Sheriff, Doctor, Ghost, Negro, Negress, Judy; on his right or other end Punch, Scaramouch, Dutchman, Irishman, and Pretty Polly; over these he rests Dog Toby and Punch's Baby in readiness for the opening acts. Amongst the figures he should have a bell, the gallows, and three clubs, as sticks for Mr. Punch. The box trick, coffin, and other stage properties should lie on the ground near the performer's feet. Where there is but one player to work the show, remember to put a stick in the hole of Mr. Punch's head, and in several of the others. This greatly assists the performer, and enables him to catch the figures up much quicker, and prevents Mr. Punch from dropping down his head, as if weary. Whilst one figure is up to view above the stage, the operator may quickly adjust another figure by holding its head betwixt his chin and breast, whilst he plants his hand beneath its dress.

The performer should educate himself to playing the acts both single-handed, and also with the help of an assistant. Where convenient for two performers to be inside the frame, the show, of course, can be gotten up on a much more grand and extensive scale. Punch is always held in the performer's right hand, and is always to be the hero in the tragedies, and the most lively of all the puppets, and operated by the best man of the two performers. The assistant player puts up a third figure at some window or side corner to poke fun at Mr. Punch, and also is a useful help by interesting the company at any gap in the performance caused by the leading performer fixing his puppets ready for the successive acts. The players must remember to give to each figure genuine life-like motions, convey the impressive idea by shaking the head or arms of each figure in turn, as they converse one with the other. This advice is of special importance, and should be observed by the players. On no account should Mr. Punch be allowed to remain motionless, dull or stupid, with nothing to say or do. He is ever to be the gayest of the gay, king and conqueror of all before him. Once in view above the stage before the company, whilst waiting for an act to commence or for a figure to come up, he thumps his club down on the stage, throws it at the showman outside, dances, or sings a verse of a song. After a figure has entered and announced to Mr. Punch that he has a fine horse for Mr. Punch to ride on, Punch shows his pleasure by running from end to end of the stage, to the company appearing to enjoy taking note of every effort that is being made to

bring the horse in. Hector enters; the comical results relating thereto are illustrated and described in the dialogue for Act I.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THE SQUEAKER.

Some writers have raised objections to the use of the instrument called the Punch and Judy Squeaker, on account of the greater difficulty in articulating the words used by Mr. Punch. From the earliest times within the reach of our memory the familiar squeak of Mr. Punch has always greeted our ear. We therefore say by all means let it so continue. A little practice will soon enable you to articulate the sound of words intelligibly, and until you are proficient in its use, the answer of the other figure will convey the meaning. Thus, Punch, in his squeaking voice, asks for the baby. Judy answers, "Oh, Mr. Punch, you want the baby, do you? Well, I'm afraid it's asleep, but I'll go and see." Let the squeaker be (*a good one*) placed on the centre of the tongue, held close to the roof of the mouth and the words spoken through it. It will readily rest itself on the tongue when the answering voice is made. The best squeakers are made of silver; they are fully four times thicker in substance than those that are made of tin or zinc, hence they cannot so easily be crushed up, and only require rebinding with tape about once every year. A second squeaker should also be in the performer's vest pocket for instant readiness in case squeaker No. 1 should be dropped out of the performer's mouth.

Having instructed the reader how to build a theatre, and traced the history, with the character and deportment, of Mr. Punch, we shall now proceed to place his performances upon record. It is time to do so for the benefit of posterity; lest, as society gradually acquires a more superfine polish than it even now possesses, it should be impossible, hereafter, to print what is fortunately yet considered innocent and harmless. Addison tells us that "the merry people of the world are the amiable," and in the language of "a man forbid," we address ourselves to those,

"Chi amano, senza smorfia e ipocrisia
Gl' innocenti piaceri e l' allegria."



THE
TRAGICAL ACTS, OR COMICAL TRAGEDIES
OF
PUNCH AND JUDY.

P R E F A C E.

Portions of the following drama are founded upon the performances of an old Italian Punch and Judy performer of the name of Piccini, who has perambulated the towns and country hamlets of England for the last forty or fifty years. Like the representations of our early stage, it was not by him distinguished into acts and scenes, but the divisions were easily made. The writer is a professional player of Punch and Judy, and now gives the public, in this book, not only the Italian Piccini's earlier introduction, but the records of his own experience, with gleanings from that of other first-class players. The whole now assumes a shape in which it may rival most of the theatrical productions of the present era, whether by Poole, popular for his "Paul Pry," Peake for his puns, Planche for his poetry, Peacock for his parodies or Payne for his plagiarisms.

Piccini lived in the classical vicinity of the West End of London, and up to the time that ourselves left England (in 1869) was still travelling, considering it "no sin to labor in his vocation." He is thus described by a writer in a discontinued periodical called the *Literary Speculum*, which we quote because it is the only printed notice we have seen of an individual so generally known. It is to be observed that the article to which we are indebted was published many years ago, and the author of it speaks of his own youth, when Piccini's age was "as a lusty winter, frosty but kindly," and before "time, the old clock-setter," had nearly let him run the whole length of his chain without winding him up again. "He (Piccini) was an Italian; a little thick-set man, with a red, humorous-looking countenance. He had lost one eye, but the other made up for the absence of its fellow by a shrewdness of expression sufficient for both. He always wore an oil-skin hat and a rough great-coat. At his back he carried a deal box, containing the *dramatis personæ* of his little theatre, and in his hand the trumpet at whose glad summons hundreds of merry, laughter-loving faces flocked round him, with gaping mouths and anxious looks, all eager to renew

their acquaintance with their old friend and favorite, Punch. The theatre itself was carried by a tall man, who seemed a sort of sleeping partner in the concern, or mere *dumb waiter* on the other's operations." The woodcut on our title-page precisely corresponds with this lively description, making some allowance for the difference of age in the master of the puppet-show; still, however, not too old to carry his deal box and to blow an "inspiring air."

There is one peculiarity about Piccini's puppets which deserves notice: they were much better carved, the features having a more marked and comic expression than those of his rivals. He brought most of them over with him from Italy, and he complained that in England he had not been able to find any workman capable of adequately supplying the loss if by chance one of his figures had been broken or stolen. Why his Punch was made to squint, or, at least, to have what is known by the epithet of a swivel-eye, unless for the sake of humor or distinction, does not appear.

Besides Piccini's representation, we have compared the following pages with, and corrected them and made additions according to, the text of our professional performances and the exhibitions of other perambulatory *artistes* (as our neighbors term them) now flourishing.

The reader's attention should be specially directed to the acting drama of the Persecuted Dutchman, in Mrs. Barrisnobes Hotel, and to Punch's famous \$25,000 Box Trick.



THE
TRAGICAL ACTS, OR COMICAL TRAGEDIES
OF
PUNCH AND JUDY.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*The Forest.*

SHOWMAN (*outside, calling out*). Now, Mr. Punch, I want you to show yourself.

PUNCH (*within*). All right; let me put my boot on.

SHOWMAN. Your boot on—hurry up.

Enter PUNCH. After a few preliminary squeaks, he bows three times to the spectators—once in the centre and once at each side of the stage, and then vigorously beats the stage with his club.

Enter SCARAMOUCH.

SCARA. Hollo, Mr. Punch, what is all this noise about?

PUNCH. Who are you?

SCARA. I want to know what you've done with my dog Toby.

PUNCH. Your dog?

SCARA. Yes.

PUNCH. I know nothing about him.

SCARA. That won't do, Mr. Punch. You were seen going round Gretna Square with him last night, and I want that dog.

PUNCH. You are a cure. (*beats his stick on the stage.*)

SCARA. You call me a cure; that won't do, Mr. Punch.

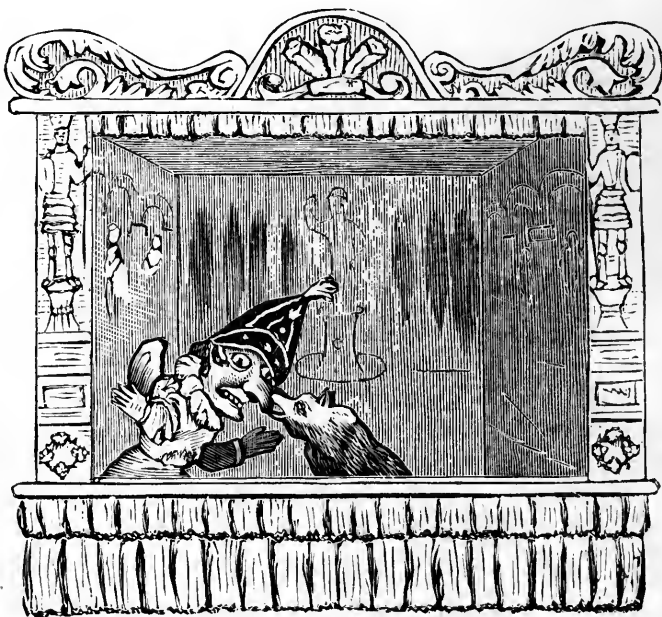
PUNCH (*dancing around*). Yes, you are, you are.

SCARA. Now, Mr. Punch, that is too bad for you to call me a cure, when here I am thought handsome, and am engaged to be married to Miss Jennie L—— early next week.

PUNCH. I don't believe it.

SCARA. Yes, yes, it is true, and Bella's to be at the wedding, too; but what, Mr. Punch, have you done with my dog?

PUNCH. I told you that I knew nothing about him. (*he knocks SCARAMOUCHE down-stairs with a blow of his club.*)



Enter Dog TOBY.

TOBY. Bow, wow, wow!

PUNCH. How do, my good friend, your master, Mr. Toby? How do, Mr. Scaramouch?

TOBY. Bow, wow, wow!

PUNCH. I'm glad to hear it. Poor Toby! What a nice, good-tempered dog it is! No wonder his master is so fond of him.

TOBY (*snarls*). Arr! Arr!

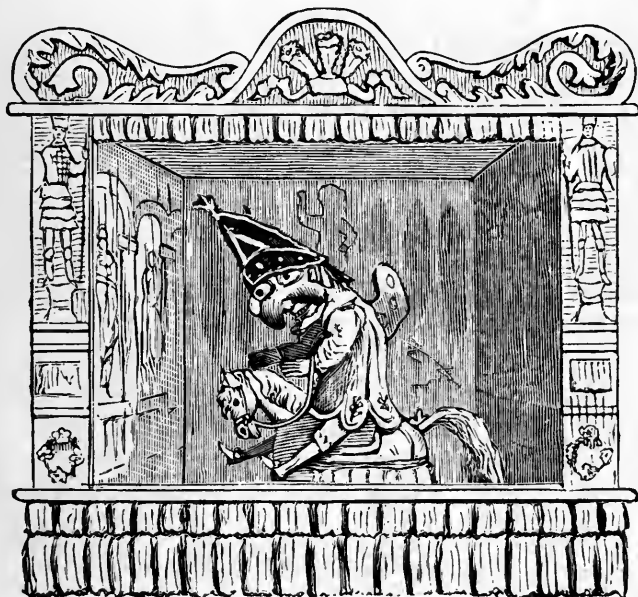
PUNCH. What! Toby! you cross this morning? You got out of bed the wrong way upwards?

TOBY (*snarls again*). Arr! Arr!

PUNCH. Poor Toby! (*putting his hand out cautiously, and trying to coax the dog, who snaps at it*) Toby, you're one nasty, cross dog; get away with you! (*strikes at him.*)

TOBY. Bow, wow, wow! (*seizing PUNCH by the nose.*)

PUNCH. Oh, dear! oh, dear! My nose! my poor nose, my beautiful nose! Get away! get away, you nasty dog—I tell your master. Oh, dear, dear! Judy! Judy!



(PUNCH shakes his nose, but cannot shake off the Dog, who follows him as he retreats around the stage. He continues to call, "Judy! Judy, my dear!" until the Dog quits his hold, and exit.)

PUNCH (*solus, and rubbing his nose with both hands*). Oh, my nose! my pretty little nose! You nasty, nasty brute, I will tell you master of you.

Re-enter SCARAMOUCH.

SCARA. Ah, ah! Mr. Punch, you got the worst of it. My dog got hold of your nose. Ah, ah! (PUNCH, *mad at being made fun of*, aims a blow at SCARAMOUCH, but misses; he, *quickly disappearing*, pops up again, saying: "Never mind, Mr. Punch, I'll fetch up a fine horse for you." (PUNCH commences to dance about in high glee. SCARAMOUCH below stamps his feet, calling out: "Wo, ho, my Hector! this way, my Hector." PUNCH continues his dance, then attempts to mount his HECTOR by the tail'. Horse gallops away, PUNCH in pursuit.)

Re-enter PUNCH, leading his horse by the bridle over his arm. It prances about, and seems very unruly.

PUNCH. Wo, ho, my fine fellow! Wo, ho, Hector! Stand still, can't you, and let me get my foot up to the stirrup.

(While PUNCH is trying to mount, the horse runs away round the stage, and PUNCH sets off after him, catches him by the tail, and so stops him. PUNCH then mounts by sitting on the front of the stage, and, with both his hands, lifting one of his legs over the animal's back. At first it goes pretty steadily, but soon quickens its pace, while PUNCH, who does not keep his seat very well, cries: "Wo, ho, Hector! Wo, ho!" but to no purpose, for the horse sets off at full gallop, jerking PUNCH at every stride with great violence. PUNCH lays hold around the neck, but is ultimately thrown upon the platform.)





ACT II.

SCENE.—*Interior of an Hotel.*

PUNCH. Judy! Judy, my dear! Judy, my dear, can't you answer, my dear?

JUDY (*within*). Well, what do you want, Mr. Punch?

PUNCH. Come up-stairs; I want you.

JUDY. Then want must be your master—I'm busy.

PUNCH. Judy, my dear! Judy, my love! Pretty Judy, come up-stairs.

Enter JUDY.

JUDY. Well, here I am. What do you want, now I'm come?

PUNCH (*aside*). What a pretty creature! An't she a beauty?

JUDY. What do you want, I say?

PUNCH. A kiss; a pretty kiss! (*kisses her, while she hits him a slap on the face.*)

JUDY. Take that, then. How do you like my kisses? Will you have another?

PUNCH. No; one at a time, one at a time, my sweet pretty wife! (*aside*) She always is so playful. Where's the child? Fetch me the baby, Judy, my dear.

JUDY. The baby? I'm afraid that she is asleep—I'll go down and see. [*Exit* JUDY.]

PUNCH (*solus*). There's a wife for you! What a precious, darling creature! She go to fetch our baby.

Re-enter JUDY with the BABY.

JUDY. Here's the child. Pretty dear! Take the baby.

PUNCH (*holding out his hands*). Give it me—pretty little thing! How like its sweet mamma!

JUDY. How awkward you are!

PUNCH. Give it me; I know how to nurse it as well as you do. (*she gives it him*) Get away! (*Exit* JUDY. PUNCH, *nursing the CHILD in his arms*) What a pretty baby it is! was it sleepy then? Hush-a-by, by, by. (*sings to the tune of "Rest thee, Babe"*)

Oh, rest thee, my baby,
Thy daddy is here;
Thy mammy's a gaby,
And that's very clear.

Oh, rest thee, my darling,
Thy mother will come,
With a voice like a starling;—
I wish she was dumb!

Poor, dear little thing! it cannot get to sleep. By, by; by, by, hush-a-by. Well, then, it shan't. (*dances the CHILD, and then sets it on his lap, between his knees, and sings the common nursery ditty*)

Dancy, baby, diddy;
What shall daddy do widdy?
Sit on his lap,
Give it some pap—
Dancy, baby, diddy.

(*After nursing it upon his lap, PUNCH sticks the CHILD against the side of the stage, on the platform, and going himself to the opposite side, runs up to it, clapping his hands and crying, "Catchee, catchee, catchee!" He then takes it up again, and it begins to cry.*)

What is the matter with it? Poor thing! it has got the stomach-ache,

I dare say. (*CHILD cries*) Hush-a-by, hush-a-by! (*sitting down, and rolling it on his knees*) Naughty child! Judy, (*calling*) the child has got the stomach-ache. Judy, I say! (*CHILD continues to cry*) Keep quiet, can't you? (*hits it a spank*) I won't keep such a naughty child. Hold your tongue! (*strikes the CHILD's head several times against the side of the stage*) There—there—there! How do you like that? I thought I'd stop your squalling. Get along with you, naughty, crying child! (*throws it over the front of the stage among the spectators*) He, he, he! (*laughing and singing to the same tune as before*)

Get away, naughty baby;
There it goes over.
Thy mammy's a gaby,
Thy daddy's a rover.



Re-enter JUDY.

JUDY. Where is the baby?

PUNCH. Gone—gone to sleep.

JUDY. What have you done with the child, I say?

PUNCH. Gone to sleep, I say.

JUDY. What have you done with it?

PUNCH. What have I done with it?

JUDY. Aye; done with it! I heard it crying just now. Where is it?

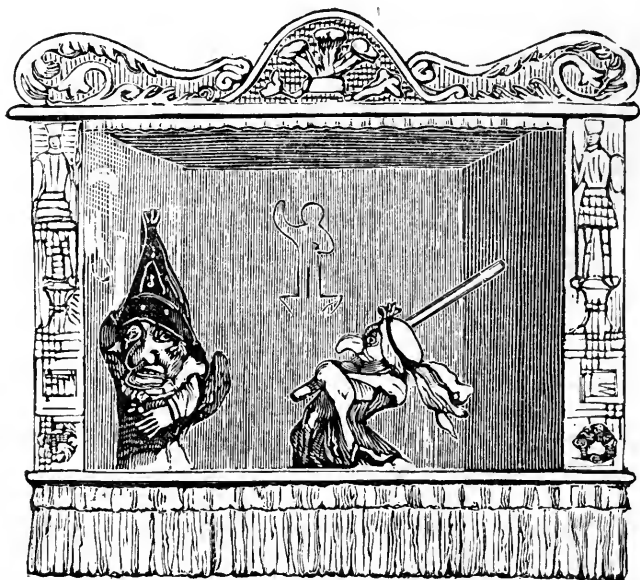
PUNCH. How should I know?

JUDY. I heard you make the pretty darling cry.

PUNCH. I dropped it out at window.

JUDY. Oh, you cruel, horrid wretch, to drop the pretty baby out at window. Oh, (*cries, and wipes her eyes*) you barbarous man! Oh, I'll make you pay for this, depend upon it. [*Exit in haste.*]

PUNCH. There she goes. What a piece of work about nothing! (*dances about and sings, beating time with his head, as he turns round, on the front of the stage.*)



Re-enter JUDY with a stick; she comes in behind, and hits PUNCH a sounding blow on the back of the head before he is aware.

JUDY. I'll teach you to drop my child out at window.

PUNCH. So—o—oftly, Judy, so—o—oftly! (*rubbing the back of his head with his hand*) Don't be a fool now. What you at?

JUDY. What! you'll drop my poor baby out at window again, will you? (*hitting him continually on the head.*)

PUNCH. No; I never will again. (*she still hits him*) Softly, I say, softly. A joke's a joke.

JUDY. Oh, you cruel brute! (*hitting him again*) I'll teach you.

PUNCH. But me no like such teaching. What! you're in earnest, are you?

JUDY. Yes, (*hit*) I (*hit*) am. (*hit*.)

PUNCH. I'm glad of it; me no like such jokes. (*she hits him again*). Leave off, I say. What! you won't, won't you?

JUDY. No, I won't. (*hits him*.)

PUNCH. Very well, then, now come my turn to teach you. (*he snatches at, and struggles with her for the stick, which he wrenches from her and strikes her with it on the head, while she runs about to different parts of the stage to get out of his way*) How you like my teaching, Judy, my pretty dear? (*hitting her*.)

JUDY. O, pray, Mr. Punch—no more!

PUNCH. Yes; one little more lesson. (*hits her again*) There, there, there! (*she falls down, with her head over the platform of the stage; and as he continues to hit at her she puts up her hand to guard her head*) Any more?

JUDY. No, no; no more. (*lifting up her head*.)

PUNCH (*knocking down her head*). I thought I should soon make you quiet.

JUDY (*again raising her head*). No.

PUNCH (*again knocking it down, and following up his blows until she is lifeless*). Now, if you're satisfied, I am. (*perceiving that she does not move*) There, get up, Judy, my dear; I won't hit you any more. None of your shamming. This is only your fun. You got the headache? Why, you only asleep. Get up, I say! Well, then, get down. (*losses the body down with the end of his stick*.)

SHOWMAN (*outside*). Oh, Mr. Punch, what have you done? You will have a ghost after you now.

PUNCH. I don't care.

SHOWMAN. You don't care?

PUNCH. No; I've seen five ghosts.

SHOWMAN. Five ghosts! What would you say were you to see one now?

PUNCH. I'd knock him down.

Enter GHOST, which rises at back of the stage, stealthily advancing to the front.

SHOWMAN. Well, there is one coming now; look to your left.

PUNCH (*looking right round the corner of the stage*). Here?

SHOWMAN. No; the other way.

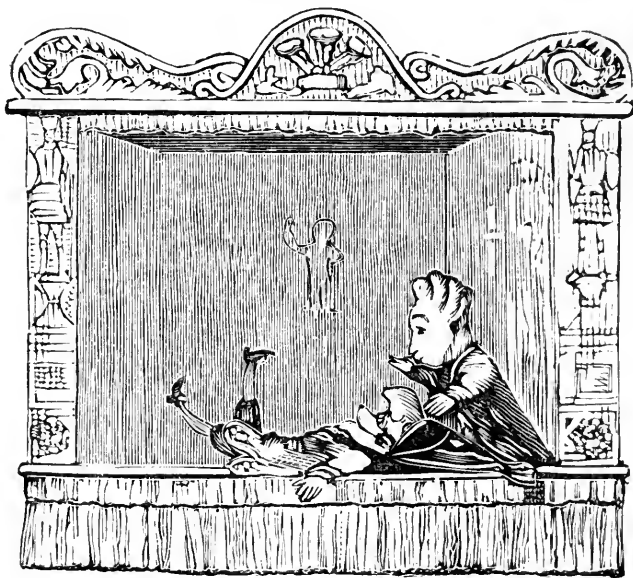
PUNCH (*looks every way but the right direction; he at last sees the GHOST; he trembles, saying*). Oh, dear! oh, dear! I've seen a ghost, ghost, ghost!
[*Exit GHOST.*]

SHOWMAN. What is the matter, Mr. Punch?

PUNCH. I'm sick! I'm sick! I've seen a ghost. (*he lies down on the stage.*)

SHOWMAN. Well, call the doctor.

PUNCH. Doctor! Doctor!



Enter the Doctor.

DOCTOR. Who is that calling the doctor?

PUNCH. It is me.

DOCTOR. Where are you hurt? Is it here? (*touching his head.*)

PUNCH. No; lower.

DOCTOR. Here? (*touching his breast.*)

PUNCH. No; lower, lower!

DOCTOR. Here, then? (*going downwards.*)

PUNCH. No; lower still.

DOCTOR. Then is your handsome leg broken?

PUNCH. No; higher.

(As the DOCTOR leans over PUNCH's legs to examine them, PUNCH hits him in the eye.)

DOCTOR. Oh, my eye! my eye!

PUNCH. Aye, you're right enough; it is my eye, and Betty Martin, too.

DOCTOR. Let me feel your pulse, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH *(wriggling his body as he hes, says)*. Oh, dear! so sick! so sick!

DOCTOR *(feeling PUNCH's pulse)*. Why, Mr. Punch, you are all right; forty-five to the minute.

PUNCH. Oh, no! I'm dead! I'm killed!

DOCTOR. That won't do, Mr. Punch; dead men don't talk.

PUNCH *(jumping up with a lively gait)*. Ah! that is so.

DOCTOR. Then, Mr. Punch, since you are not dead, pay me my fee and let me go.

PUNCH. Your fee?

DOCTOR. Yes, my fee.

PUNCH. How much?

DOCTOR. Five dollars.

PUNCH. Five dollars! Five dollars! Well, I've not got it.

DOCTOR. Well, then, go down and get it.

PUNCH. Ah! that is so! I'll just go down and bring up the money.

[Exit.]

Re-enter PUNCH, with a stick.

PUNCH. Five dollars?

DOCTOR. Yes, and little enough, too.

PUNCH *(hitting the DOCTOR on the head)*. One, two, three!

DOCTOR. Oh! golly, golly, Mr. Punch, what are you about?

PUNCH. Four, five, six dollars—one for good measure.

(The DOCTOR falls lifeless on left-hand of the stage, and is left lying to count up in the next act.)

Enter SCARAMOUCH.

SCARA. Ah, ah! Mr. Punch, I've found you out. That's the way you killed my poor dog, is it?

PUNCH (*striking him on the head*). Yes; just so.

(SCARAMOUCH *falls dead beside the DOCTOR*. PUNCH *counts them up*, "One, two.")

Enter IRISHMAN.

IRISH. Hey day, Mr. Punch, I'm glad to see you. (*he shakes hands.*)

PUNCH. Ah, ah! Paddy, you look merry this morning. What brings you this way?

IRISH. Only a little on the spree, and I'm going to tell you a little story.

PUNCH. Well, go ahead.

IRISH. The other day, Mr. Punch, as I was going through the forest, I met little Sammy Slick. He had in his hand a pretty little likeness of his wife. He kissed it o'er and o'er. "Just like her," says he.

PUNCH. Just like who?

IRISH. Why, just like his wife.

PUNCH. Ah! just so. (*he gives a dance, then listens.*)

IRISH. Well, on comes his wife, and says: "Did it kiss you back, my dear?" "No," says he. "Then," saith his wife, "how can it be like me?" (IRISHMAN *commences to dance, singing*) I'm o'er young to marry yet, to marry yet, to——

PUNCH (*hitting him a terrific blow with his stick says*). So I think—you are o'er young to marry yet. (*he counts the dead bodies up*) One, two and three.

Enter NEGRESS.

NEGRESS. Oh, Mr. Punch, I've been looking for you.

PUNCH. Well, my Julia, what can I do for you?

NEGRESS. I want you, Mr. Punch, to introduce me to the proprietor of this show.

PUNCH. Well, Miss Julia, I'm the proprietor. What do you wish?

NEGRESS. What! Are you the proprietor?

PUNCH. Yes, I am.

NEGRESS. Mr. Punch, I'm an opera singer, and I want to sing to the ladies and gentlemen here assembled.

PUNCH. You an uproar singer?

NEGRESS. No, an opera.

PUNCH. Yes; I said an uproar singer.

NEGRESS. Opera.

PUNCH. Yes, yes, an uproar.

NEGRESS. Well, then, an uproar, if you will have it so.

PUNCH. Well, what are you going to sing?

NEGRESS. Well, I can sing politics, sentimental, or on love.

PUNCH. Then let's have it on love.

NEGRESS (*sings*).

Two lovers wandering in a wood—
What can be more delightful?
Just as they whisper, "Be my own,"
Should some one overhear them,
Can mortal be more spiteful?
Two, not three, are company—
This proverb pray remember.

PUNCH (*strikes her down with a blow from his stick, and says*). If that is uproar singing, we will have no more of that. (*he counts the bodies up*) One, two, three and four.

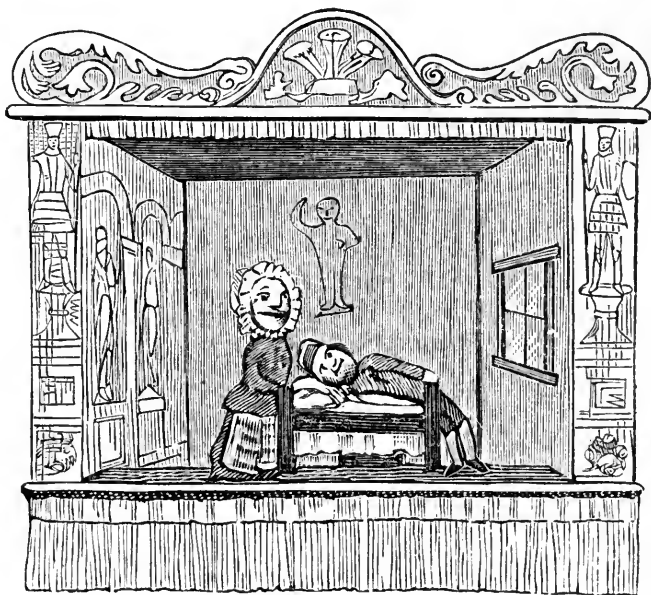
(PUNCH, *suspecting there to be life in some of the bodies, carries them, one at a time, to the right-hand side of the stage. After he has arranged two bodies, and is going for the third, a CLOWN walks up from behind and carries back one of the bodies; he also lies down as if dead. PUNCH, missing the body, seems nonplussed. Makes some remark, then fetches another. The CLOWN, unperceived by PUNCH, repeats his fun. PUNCH is dismayed. Returns to the left of the stage and asks the bodies: "Are you all dead?" and, whilst PUNCH is looking towards the right, the CLOWN, jolting up his head, says: "Yes; all dead." PUNCH, touching a body, says: "Was that you?" He goes down for his club. CLOWN shifts one to the centre of the stage. PUNCH, returning, belabors it with his club, says: "Oh! it is you, is it?"—hit, hit—"You will be dead this time, I think." Hit, hit, and places it on the right of the stage. He now discovers the CLOWN at his antics. PUNCH makes for him; stands him up against the left pillar of the stage; makes thrusts at him with the end of his club, counting, "One, two, three—e—e;" but every time the three is pronounced the CLOWN falls flat down, causing PUNCH to miss his mark. PUNCH says, "I'll fix you now." He spits against the post of the stage, and rubs the CLOWN against it. He counts, "One, two, three—e—e." This time pins the CLOWN to the post; but the moment the end of PUNCH's club is removed, the CLOWN darts away, giving PUNCH a lively knock on the back of the head—makes after to run off with some of the bodies, and betwixt the CLOWN and PUNCH the stage is soon cleared.)*

The performer, when engaged at Church Fairs to give his representations before successive audiences, holds up the negro to make the following announcement: "Ladies and Gentlemen: The last act concludes the show. Our next performance will take place in the course of fifteen minutes, during which we shall have the honor of introducing the famous act of

THE PERSECUTED DUTCHMAN,

IN

MRS. BARRISNOBE'S HOTEL.



ACT III.

Enter SCHMIDT, carrying carpet-bag.

SCHMIDT. I vonder vether I can find a place vere I can sleep to-night. Here is an hotel. I will just ring the bell. (*he sets carpet-bag on stage and rings the bell.*)

TEDDY (*pokes his head through the window, says*). I say, you there, what are you doing ringing dat bell all this time for?

SCHMIDT. What, you old black nigger, come at last?

TEDDY. How dare you insult? Call me no nigger. I'm de colored man from de South; and what do you want, I say?

SCHMIDT. Yaw! What you want with yat black face through dat window? Come right out here; I want to talk business.

TEDDY. Who are you calling black? Who rang dat bell?

SCHMIDT. I've walked von thirty-five mile this day, and I want von place to sleep down on.

TEDDY. One place to sleep?

SCHMIDT. Yaw. Who keeps this hotel?

TEDDY. My mistress, sar—Mrs. Barrisnobe.

SCHMIDT. Then call that old basket up.

TEDDY. She is neither old nor a basket, sar.

SCHMIDT. Yaw! Vell, basket or no basket, call the old woman up.

TEDDY. What might your name be, sir?

SCHMIDT. I am John Schmidt.

TEDDY. I thought John Smith was dead.

SCHMIDT. No humbug! I am te original John Schmidt.

TEDDY. Well, Mr. Smith, I want my parquisites. (*goes to take carpet-bag.*)

SCHMIDT. You can't steal mine garpet-bags.

TEDDY. Ye's *lying*—under a mistake.

SCHMIDT. You tell me I'm lie, I vill blow your nose off. (*squares himself, puts down carpet-bag, TEDDY takes it up—SCHMIDT scuffles with him—TEDDY trips him—he falls on stage with carpet-bag in his arms*) Oh, mine bump! If mine vrow have seen you drip up mine heels von top tis floor, un bang mine bump, she would give you fury. I will have te constobber to take you mit te bost-office. (*TEDDY helps him up.*)

TEDDY. I hope you're not hurt, sir. You're mistaken; I'm the servant. (*brushes him off*) I beg your pardon, sir.

SCHMIDT (*L.*). You begs mine bardon. Vell, I don't care. Der ish mine hand. I am John Schmidt, von ter firm of Schmidt, Vondunder, Kelt un Co., boot un shoes tread finters, un nunder tink.

TEDDY. I'm here, sir, waiting yer orders. What'll ye have, Mr. John Smith?

SCHMIDT. I van some lager pier un spretsel—von leetle glass dat ish not as much as tri cent.

TEDDY. A little glass, Mr. Smith! You have mouth enough to swallow a hogshead. [Exit TEDDY, R.]

SCHMIDT. Dat ish funny fellow. He drips up mine heels, un den he pegs mine bardon; un ven I ask him for tri cent glass lager bier, he say mine mouth is pig as hogshead mouth. Ven I vash leetle poy, as no pigger ash dot, ter gals say tat mine mouth ish burty, un mine frow say tat mine mouth ish burty, un by dinks I dinks so, too.

Enter MRS. BARRISNOBE, with bier, R.

MRS. B. Your bier, sir.

SCHMIDT. Vot vilst du haben vor tat?

MRS. B. Three cents, sir.

SCHMIDT. Yaw! Ter ish five cent—I will haben two cent change.

MRS. B. Very well, sir; I will send the change.

SCHMIDT. Landlady, have you got von leetle bit onion tat ish not-inks, un tat you will give to me mitout any charges?

MRS. B. Well, that certainly is meanness. I'll see sir, and send the change.

SCHMIDT. Landlady, I have gone to sleepen, till to-morrow morning. Vot you ask for un bed?

MRS. B. Four dollars.

SCHMIDT. Four dollars! my Got un hemmel! Why, I gets un bed in Chatham Street, New York, for swelve un a half cent.

MRS. B. You will remember, sir, you are not in New York; and if you obtain a bed here, four dollars will be the charge.

SCHMIDT. Landlady, I don't mean ter bed; I only vant sometinks to lay down mit, un shut mine eyes open—sometinks dat cost not ash moch ash fifty cent.

MRS. B. There is a room next to my own, which is not occupied, you can have for four dollars. I'll send your change immediately.

SCHMIDT. Landlady—two cent change.

MRS. B. I remember—*two cents*. That is the meanest man I ever saw. [Exit, R.]

SCHMIDT. Four dollar for one ped! Tat ish enough to set up von saving bank, un many saving bank hash got not ash moch as dat.

Enter PRETTY POLLY with onion, R., she holds it out to him at arm's length.

POLLY. Here is your onion.

SCHMIDT. Tat ish nice leetle gal. I have got un boy tat ish un gal—she ish 'pout your age, if she ish older ash you.

POLLY. Why, sir, I am not a *little* girl—I am nineteen.

SCHMIDT. Never mind; you are nice, good gal, un wen I goes away I will make you un present.

POLLY. Make *me* a present, sir?—what?

SCHMIDT. Yaw—of a kiss.

POLLY. Thank you, sir; we ask double for that.

SCHMIDT. Well, I won't take some.

[*Goes up.*]

POLLY. He's a brute, and has no taste for luxuries. [*Flounces out.*]

SCHMIDT (*at table*). Tat was a burty leetle gal, un if she hadn't charges so moch, I would make her von present mit a kiss before I go. Tis onion ish ash strong dat if you but him on top tis table for five minutes, he jumps all round so moch ash like ter spirit-knockers.

Enter MRS. BARRISNOBE and TEDDY carrying bedstead, which they fix in position by adjusting the side posts in the two holes sunk in stage.

MRS. B. Now, Teddy, have you fixed it up nice for the gentleman?

TEDDY. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. B. Then you can go.

[*Exit.*]

SCHMIDT. Is this my bedroom?

MRS. B. Yes, and you can sleep on that bed for four dollars.

SCHMIDT. That bed? Why, where is the bed?

MRS. B. (*looking over the head-board*). Lor, that is so. Teddy, Teddy!

Enter TEDDY.

TEDDY. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. B. Why, Teddy, Teddy, you never brought up the feather-bed.

TEDDY (*with surprise*). Lor, sure, where was my head? [*Exit.*]

MRS. B. Teddy, have you brought the pillow?

TEDDY. Yes, ma'am; all here. (*he throws them into the bedstead, then laying himself down, says*) Ah, ah! here, nice, soft, downy bed.

SCHMIDT (*pushing him off*). Hi, you black nigger, get off of my bed!

MRS. B. Yes, sir, you can sleep on that bed for four dollars.

SCHMIDT. I told you that I did not want to buy the bed.

MRS. B. No, I do not want to sell you the bed. I'll let you that bed one night for four dollars.

SCHMIDT. No, no; me not vont to buy it, me vont it only till the morning.

MRS. B. Yes, yes; I let you the bed till morning for four dollars.

SCHMIDT. Very well; me tired, cannot stay talking, walked thirty-five miles; call me in the morning. (*lays himself down on bed.*)

Mrs. B. At six o'clock?

SCHMIDT. Yaw.

[Exit Mrs. B.]

(SCHMIDT is troubled with the mosquitoes; he rises, shakes the bed, lies down again, is just boasting that when the morning comes he'll walk out and forget to pay the four dollars, when he finds himself disturbed by the black servant.)

TEDDY. I say, you, here!

SCHMIDT (*remaining snugly ensconced in bed*). Well, well; what is it you want now?

TEDDY. Mrs. Barrisnobe sent me up for that four dollars.

SCHMIDT. What, didn't I pay her?

TEDDY. No, you did not.

SCHMIDT. Well, tell the old woman that I will give her the money in the morning.

TEDDY. You will pay me four dollars now.

SCHMIDT. No, not till the morning.

TEDDY. I say now.

SCHMIDT. No.

TEDDY. Oh! no, is it? I'll soon show you all about paying that money. (*exit, and returns with a broomstick, belaboring SCHMIDT all over head and body, says*) Pay me that money, will you?

SCHMIDT (*springing up from the bed, says*). Oh, yaw, yaw! I'll give you the four dollars; yaw, yaw, me no stand the clubbing.

TEDDY. Thank you, sar. I'll call you at six in the morning.

SCHMIDT. Got away with yaw six and clubbing. [Exit.]

Enter CLOWN.

CLOWN (*entering, gazes at the headboard of the bed, says*). Confound it! Why don't they mark the numbers plain, so that a fellow can read them? However, I will wake the man up. (*giving him a shake, says*) Charley, Charley, wake up.

SCHMIDT (*moving himself on bed restlessly*). What is the matter now?

CLOWN. The matter? Why, we are ordered for an early morning rehearsal. Get up.

SCHMIDT. I want no hearse; me not dead yet. Go away.

CLOWN. Hearse! Funerals! No. Me and you got to get to the circus and rehearse the double somersault.

SCHMIDT (*sitting bolt upright in bed, says*). I want no summer suit; my clothes are right here.

CLOWN. Oh, dear, I made a mistake. I thought you was a clown, and you are an old Dutchman. Get back into your bed. A thousand pardons. *[Exit.]*

SCHMIDT. Confound it! Four dollars for a bed! First that old nigger comes and gives me a clubbing, then that other white-faced monkey comes here and wants to know if I want a hearse, a summer suit, then says it's a beefsteak.

Enter an IRISHMAN.

PAT (*enters, says*). Ah, this must be the bed. You here, Mike? Mike, hurry up.

SCHMIDT. Hi, now, vot is all dis trouble about?

PAT. Why, Mike, hurry up; we got to catch the early morning train. We must start, you know, for Boston, and that right away. Now hurry up.

SCHMIDT. I want no train, no Boston. I paid four dollars for this bed, and I've had no sleep on it yet.

PAT. Four dollars for that bed? I don't believe it. But, I say, do you hear, hurry up, no fooling.

SCHMIDT (*rising up*). Are you going to get out of here?

PAT. Oh, dear, I've made a mistake. You are an old Dutchman, and I after an Irishman. Beg pardon. Will leave you for a good night's rest.

SCHMIDT. Confound them! Another beefsteak! Wonder if I shall get any sleep before morning!

Enter the DOCTOR.

DOCTOR (*pushes his head in at the window, says*). I believe this is Mrs. Barrishnobe's hotel. I will enter by the front door. Ah, this must be the bed. Come, young man, are you fast asleep?

SCHMIDT. Me asleep? Vot sleep! Paid four dollars for that bed, and have gotten woken up all dis night long.

DOCTOR. A little of the deliriems-tremins, young man. You are very sick. You must take some physic. I'm the doctor.

SCHMIDT. Me wants no doctor, no physic; want to get four dollars worth out of dis bed.

DOCTOR. But I'm the doctor. I want five dollars.

SCHMIDT. You get right out of here and I'll give you ten dollars in the morning if you will physic that old nigger down-stairs.

DOCTOR (*retreats, saying*). I see I made a mistake; gone to the wrong bed. *[Exit.]*

SCHMIDT. Another beefsteak. I vonder if any more of 'em is coming up. Four dollars for dis bed!

Enter YOUNG LADY with a long nose.

ADELINA (*shows herself at the window, says*). I think my Willie must be here. I will enter. (*she approaches the bed*) Willie, Willie.

SCHMIDT. Vot matter now? I no Willie.

ADELINA. Willie, what did you run away from me for?

SCHMIDT. Oh, vot a nose!

ADELINA. My nose, sir, is as good as yours, and more, for you have none at all.

SCHMIDT. Oh, vot a nose. (*he tries to touch the end of it.*)

ADELINA (*gets excited, says*). My nose is handsomer than yours. But, Willie, Willie, what did you run away for?

SCHMIDT. Vot, me run away from you? I vood not run away from a little girl so high. (*he measures the height with his two hands.*)

ADELINA. You promised to marry me, then you run away from me in Philadelphia.

SCHMIDT. Vot! Me marry you viv that 'ere nose?

ADELINA (*very passionately*). Nose or no nose, I'll not marry you at all now. You are one nasty, bad man; took me to Philadelphia, promised to marry me, then ran away. Bad man, bad man. I come right here and found you out. [*Exit.*]

Enter CAPTAIN BLOWHARD, L., with candle, which is suddenly put out as he enters.

CAPT. B. I need no light to punish a scoundrel. (*comes up, and strikes bed with whip—SCHMIDT jumps up*) So, sir, I've found you—you rascally kidnapper!

SCHMIDT. You are mistaken. I am somebody else.

CAPT. B. I *know* you are Mr. Brown, and that's sufficient.

SCHMIDT. I am not Brown, I am te original John Schmidt.

CAPT. B. Brown or Smith, did you not decoy Adelina from her father's arms?

SCHMIDT. Nein.

CAPT. B. Did you not run away with my child?

SCHMIDT. Nein, I never run away nobody.

CAPT. B. Did you not swindle me of a hundred dollars?

SCHMIDT. Nein.

CAPT. B. Are you not a liar?

SCHMIDT. Nein. I never lie but in my bed.

CAPT. B. Is not your name Brown?

SCHMIDT. I dell you I am de original John Schmidt.

CAPT. B. I'll make you confess you are a liar, a swindler, a villain, and that your name is Brown.

SCHMIDT. Mine Got in Himmel! vot a peoples!

CAPT. B. Now, sir, (*beats him*) are you not a rascal?

SCHMIDT. Nein. (*CAPTAIN beats him*) Yaw! yaw!

CAPT. B. Are you not a swindler? (*beats him.*)

SCHMIDT. Nein. I am no swindler. (*CAPTAIN beats him.*)

CAPT. B. You are not? (*beats him.*)

SCHMIDT. Mine Got in Himmel, yaw, I am a swindler.

CAPT. B. So much, so good.

SCHMIDT. So much, blarney bad.

CAPT. B. Are you not a liar and a villain?

SCHMIDT. Nein. (*CAPTAIN beats him*) Yaw, yaw, I am a Dutch villain, John Schmidt.

CAPT. B. No, sir, your name is Brown. Are you not Brown?

SCHMIDT. Nein. (*CAPTAIN beats him*) Yaw, yaw, I am black and blue.

CAPT. B. I am satisfied for the present, but I shall send another injured party to you. So good-night, and pleasant dreams, Mr. Brown.
[Exit.

SCHMIDT (*sitting up in bed, crying*). Oh! oh! oh! Boo! oo—oo—oo! I shall die, I shall be killed in dis house. Oh, my poor frow! She will never see her husband, John Schmidt, not any no more. What will become of me!

TEDDY (*without, L.*). I'll find him, Captain.

SCHMIDT. Te Old Harry, dere is un under one! He sha'n't find John Schmidt. (*jumps out of bed, finds carpet-bag, goes up to window*) Here is von window; now I will jump out. (*carpet-bag drops out of his hand. Crash without*) Dere goes mine carpet-bag; now I will jump out. (*dog barks*) Now I will not jump out. I will go—I know what I will do. I will fool them this time. (*he crawls beneath the bed*) I'm right snug here now, they no find me out.

Enter POLICEMAN.

OFFICER. This is the hotel. I wonder if I can find the man that robbed that bank. I'll just search round! Nobody in that bed; wonder if he is hid beneath the mattress. (*pokes at it with his club*) Sometimes they conceal themselves beneath the bed itself. I'll just look. (*he looks*

beneath) Oh, here you are, caught at last. (*beats him out of his concealment with his club*) Did you not rob the Manhattan Bank?

SCHMIDT. No—I robbed nothing.

OFFICER. Did you not run away with the Squire's daughter?

SCHMIDT. No, I ran off with nothin'.

OFFICER. Did you not rob the National Bank?

SCHMIDT. No, I done nothin'.

OFFICER. Nothing, aye. Ah, what do you call nothing? (*he sets to and gives him a vigorous clubbing*) You didn't rob the bank—aye, aye.

SCHMIDT. Yaw, yaw; hold off, I say. I did rob the bank. Yaw, yaw.

OFFICER (*getting a clearer view of his man, says*). Oh, lor, you are not the man now, after all. The man that I am after has an Irish pug nose, and you are an old Dutchman. Get back into your bed. I made a mistake.

SCHMIDT. Yaw, another beefsteak. Vonder when they'll stop coming and let von fellow get von little sleep.

Enter GHOST, who opens and closes his ghostly teeth.

SCHMIDT. Oh, vot is o'stealing o'er me? I tremble, I shake. Oh, that clubbing! (*he sees the GHOST; he trembles*) Oh, oh! Four dollars for a bed in a haunted house. [*Exit GHOST.*]

Enter LAWYER.

SCHMIDT. Now that horrid ghost is gone, vill try and get some sleep.

LAWYER. Mr. Timothy Slobberchops.

SCHMIDT. Vot now—von you another ghost?

LAWYER. No, sir, I be no ghost; I'm a lawyer.

SCHMIDT. I vant no lawyer.

LAWYER. Give me my retainer.

SCHMIDT. Retainer? Vot do yer call that?

LAWYER. Money. Hand me fifty dollars.

SCHMIDT (*with surprise*). Vant fifty dollars? Vot for?

LAWYER. Did you not send for me to get a divorce from your wife?

SCHMIDT (*lies down on his bed*). Diworce from my wife? I got no wife. I want no retainer; I vant four dollars out of this bed.

LAWYER. I see they have been fooling me. That man hasn't a cent of money. I'll make tracks. [*Exit.*]

SCHMIDT* (*now sits up in bed and sings his little song*).

* The performer takes advantage of the time occupied in singing this song by arranging all in readiness for the grand closing scene of this act.

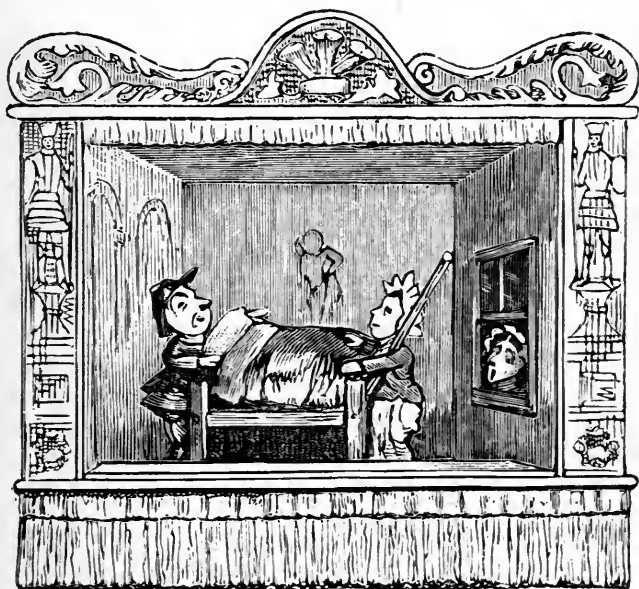
Ven first I leaft dot Farderland,
Or set me out to roam,
My heart was light and happy
As could be.

But now I feel so lonely,
Ven I tink me of my home,
Of dot little Ditcher home
Across der sea.

Vell, I guess dot now I'll lay down till the morning.

Enter MRS. BARRISNOBE.

SCHMIDT. Veel, I do declare. I've been disturbed all night long with those black and white ghosts. I must get some sleep, for by and by that old woman will be coming up.



MRS. B. (*looking through the window*). Well I never! There is that Dutchman sleeping now. I'll just go and wake him up. (*she approaches the bed*) Hi, sir, you, here!

SCHMIDT. Vell, vot is de matter now?

MRS. B. It is seven o'clock, sir.

SCHMIDT. Vell, I paid four dollars for this bed, and I have not had an inch of sleep out of it yet.

MRS. B. Well, I only let you the bed for one night for four dollars.

SCHMIDT. Vell, you have let those ghosts and fellows trouble me all night, and I have not had four cents' worth yet.

MRS. B. It is an hour past six, sir.

SCHMIDT. Vell, what of that?

MRS. B. I want you out of here.

SCHMIDT. Not till I've had four dollars' worth.

MRS. B. I'll soon teach you what I mean. Here, Mary, Mary! Come up directly.

Enter NEGRESS.

MARY Yes, ma'am, I'm here.

MRS. B. Fetch that man out of bed.

MARY. What! He in bed yet? I'll soon make him clear. (*exit, and re-enters with a broomstick, belabors the DUTCHMAN all over, says*) You get out of this bed, will you? Sharp, quick!

SCHMIDT (*hustles quickly out of the bed*). Vot! Me' pay four dollars for that bed, and have no sleep on it all dis night?

MRS. B. I let you that bed for one night for four dollars, and now it is time that you was about your business.

SCHMIDT. Vot's that you are saying?

MRS. B. } (*in chorus*). You get out of here, mighty quick.
MARY. }

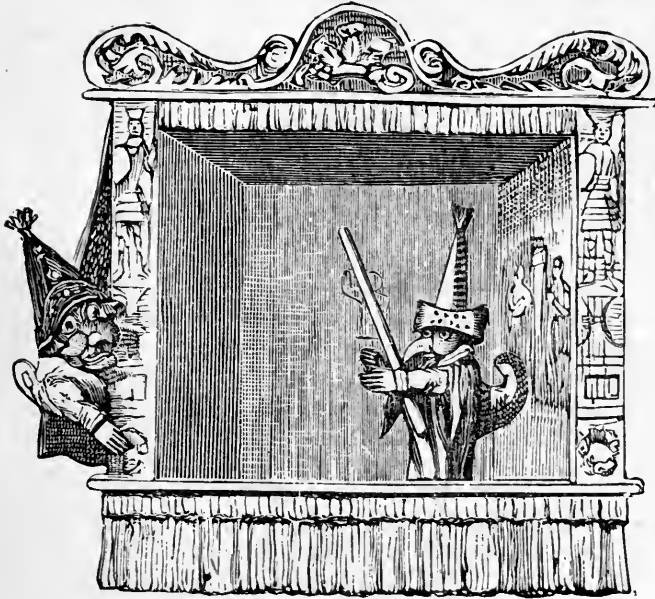
SCHMIDT. Four dollars for a bed! Then I takes it along with me. (*he lays hold of and removes the bed, but MARY and MRS. B. force it from him, and whilst they are depositing it below, he tugs at the bedstead, removing it, says*) I'll take this along. (*MARY and SCHMIDT combat for the possession of it, to and fro from end to end of the stage. MARY at last succeeds in removing it below. SCHMIDT, however, remains, singing*)

Four dollars for a sleep,
In dis haunted hotel,
Clubbed and waken'd up,
All the long, long night through.

MARY (*returns with a broomstick, vigorously belabors SCHMIDT, who is glad to beat a hasty retreat, saying*) I never vill want to take four dollars' worth at dis hotel when I come dis way again. [*Exit.*]

The Negro here pops his head above the stage, announces that the next show will take place in the course of fifteen minutes, with a change of programme.

ACT IV.



SCARAMOUCH AND HIS FIDDLE.

Enter SCARAMOUCH.

(PUNCH, alarmed at the appearance of SCARAMOUCH, retreats round the corner of the stage.)

SCARA. Mr. Punch, Mr. Punch!

PUNCH (*approaching nearer*). Mr. Scaramouch, what have you there?

SCARA. This, Mr. Punch, is my fiddle.

PUNCH. Call that a fiddle?

SCARA. Yes, it's a real beauty.

PUNCH. If it's a fiddle, why don't you play a tune?

SCARA. That is just what I'm going to do. Thum, thum. Tum, tum, tum. Bing, bing, bing, bing.

PUNCH. Surely you don't call that a tune? Why, I could do better than that.

SCARA. (*gives PUNCH the fiddle*). Then let me hear you.

PUNCH. Thum. Tum. Thum. Tum. (*he strikes SCARAMOUCH blows on the back of the head, saying*) Bing, bing, bing, bing.

SCARA. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Mr. Punch, I'll have no more of that
[*Exit SCARAMOUCH.*]



Enter POLLY, very gayly dressed.

POLLY. Where is my father? my dear father!

PUNCH (*aside*). What a beauty!

POLLY. Who killed my poor father? Oh! Oh! (*cries.*)

PUNCH. 'Twas I.

POLLY. Oh! Cruel wretch, why did you kill my father?

PUNCH. For your sake, my love.

POLLY. Oh, you barbarian!

PUNCH. Don't cry so, my dear. You will cry your pretty eyes out, and that would be a pity.

POLLY. Oh, oh! How could you kill him?

PUNCH. He would not let me have you, and so I killed him. If you take on so, I must cry too—Oh, oh! (*pretending to weep*) How sorry I am!

POLLY. And are you really sorry?

PUNCH. Yes, very sorry—look how I cry.

POLLY (*aside*). What a handsome young man. It is a pity he should cry so. How the tears run down his beautiful long nose! (*aloud*) Did you kill my father out of love of me, and are you sorry? If you are sorry, I must forgive you.

PUNCH. I could kill myself for love of you, much more your father.

POLLY. Do you then really love me?

PUNCH. I do! I do!

POLLY. Then I must love you!

(*Then they embrace, kiss and dance. The whole scene, barring the dancing, seems modelled upon the interview between Richard III. and Lady Anne.*)

PUNCH *sings*.)

I love you so, I love you so,
I never will leave you; no, no, no;
If I had all the wives of wise King Sol,
I would kill them all for my pretty Poll.

[*Exeunt dancing.*]

Enter PUNCH, with a large sheep-bell, which he rings violently, and dances about the stage, shaking the bell and his head at the same time, and accompanying the music with his voice;—tune, “Morgiana in Ireland.”

Mr. Punch is a very gay man,
He is the fellow the ladies for winning, oh;
Let them do whatever they can,
They never can stand his talking and grinning, oh.

Enter a SERVANT, in a foreign livery.

SERVANT. Mr. Punch, my master, he say he no like dat noise.

PUNCH (*with surprise, and mocking him*). Your master, he say he no like that noise! What noise?

SERVANT. Dat nasty noise.

PUNCH. Do you call music a noise?

SERVANT. My master he no lika de music, Mr. Punch, so he'll have no more noise near his house.

PUNCH. He don't, don't he? Very well. (*PUNCH runs about the stage ringing his bell as loudly as he can.*)

SERVANT. Get away, I say, wid dat nasty bell.

PUNCH. What bell?

SERVANT. That bell. (*striking it with his hand.*)

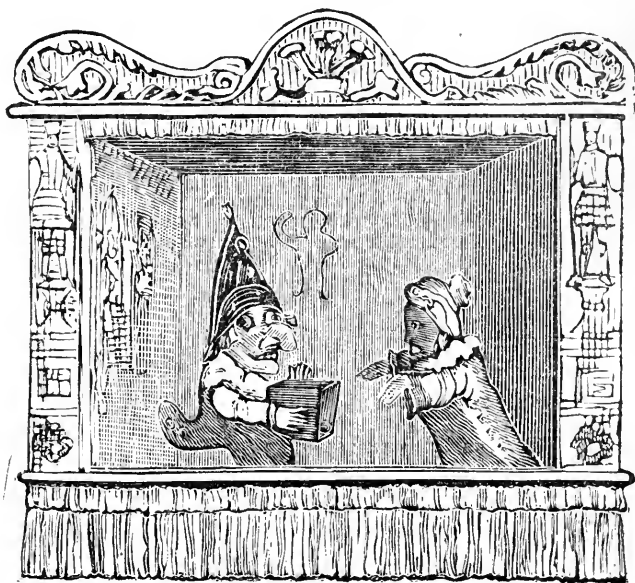
PUNCH. That's a good one. Do you call this a bell? (*patting it*) It is an organ.

SERVANT. I say it is a bell, a nasty bell.

PUNCH. I say it is an organ. (*striking him with it*) What you say it is now?

SERVANT. An organ, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH. An organ? I say it is a fiddle. Can't you see? (*offers to strike him again.*)



SERVANT. It is a fiddle.

PUNCH. I say it is a drum.

SERVANT. It is a drum, Mr. Punch.

PUNCH. I say it is a trumpet.

SERVANT. Well, so it is a trumpet. But bell, organ, fiddle, drum or trumpet, my master, he say he no lika de music.

PUNCH. Then bell, organ, fiddle, drum or trumpet, Mr. Punch, he say your master is a fool.

SERVANT. And he say, too, he will not have it near his house.

PUNCH. He's a fool, I say, not to like my sweet music. Tell him so: be off. (*hits him with the bell*) Get along. (*driving the SERVANT round the stage, backwards, and striking him often with the bell*) Be off, be off. (*knocking him off the stage. Exit SERVANT. PUNCH continues to ring the bell as loudly as before, while he sings and dances.*)

Re-enter SERVANT, slyly, with a stick.

(PUNCH perceiving him, retreats behind the side curtain, and remains upon the watch. The SERVANT does the same, but leaves the end of the stick visible. PUNCH again comes forward, sets down his bell very gently, and creeps across the stage, marking his steps with his hands upon the platform, to ascertain whereabouts his enemy is. He then returns to his bell, takes it up, and, going quietly over the stage, hits the SERVANT a heavy blow through the curtain, and exit, ringing his bell on the opposite side.)

SERVANT. You one nasty, noisy, impudent blackguard. Me catch you yet. (*hides again as before.*)

(Enter PUNCH, and strikes him as before with the bell. The SERVANT pops out, and aims a blow, but not quickly enough to hit PUNCH, who exit.)

SERVANT. You scoundrel, rascal, vagabond, blackguard and liar, you shall pay for this, depend upon it.

(He stands back. Enter PUNCH, with his bell, who, seeing the SERVANT with his stick, retreats instantly, and returns, also armed with a bludgeon, which he does not at first show. The SERVANT comes forward, and strikes PUNCH on the head so hard a blow that it seems to confuse him.)

SERVANT. Me teach you how to ring your nasty, noisy bell near de gentil-men's houses.

PUNCH (*recovering*). Two can play at that. (*hits the SERVANT with his stick. A conflict—after a long struggle, during which the combatants exchange staves, and perform various maneuvers, PUNCH gains the victory, and knocks his antagonist down on the platform, by repeated blows on the head.*)

SERVANT. Oh, dear! Oh, my head!

PUNCH. And oh, your tail, too. (*hitting him there*) How do you like that, and that, and that? (*hitting him each time*) Do you like that music better than the other? This is my bell, (*hits*) this my organ, (*hits*) this my fiddle, (*hits*) this my drum, (*hits*) and this my trumpet, (*hits*) there! A whole concert for you.

SERVANT. No more! me dead.

PUNCH. Quite dead?

SERVANT. Yes, quite.

PUNCH. Then there's the last for luck. (*hits him and kills him. He then takes hold of the body by its legs, swings it round two or three times, and throws it away.*)

Enter an old BLIND MAN, feeling his way with a staff; he goes to the opposite side, when he knocks.

BLIND MAN. Poor blind man, Mr. Punch; I hope you'll bestow your charity; I hear that you are very good and kind to the poor, Mr. Punch; pray have pity upon me, and may you never know the loss of your tender eyes! (*listens, putting his ear to the side, and hearing nobody coming knocks again*) I lost my sight by the sands in Egypt; poor blind man. Pray, Mr. Punch, have compassion upon the poor stone blind. (*coughs, and spits over the side*) Only a halfpenny to buy something for my bad cough. Only one halfpenny. (*knocks again.*)

Enter PUNCH, and receives one of the knocks, intended for the door, upon his head.

PUNCH. Hollo! you old blind blackguard, can't you see?

BLIND MAN. No, Mr. Punch. Pray, sir, bestow your charity upon a poor blind man, with a bad cough. (*coughs.*)

PUNCH. Get along, get along; don't trouble me; nothing for you.

BLIND MAN. Only a half-penny! Oh, dear! my cough is so bad! (*coughs and spits in PUNCH's face.*)

PUNCH. Hollo! Was my face the dirtiest place you could find to spit in? Get away! you nasty old blackguard! Get away! (*seizes the BLIND MAN's staff, and knocks him off the stage. PUNCH hums a tune, and dances to it; and then begins to sing, in the mock Italian style, the following words, pretending to play the fiddle on his arm, with the stick*)

When I think on you, my jewel,
Wonder not my heart is sad;
You're so fair, and yet so cruel,
You're enough to drive me mad.

On thy lover take some pity,
And relieve his bitter smart.
Think you Heaven has made you pretty
But to break your lover's heart?



ACT V.

SCENE.—*The Prison House.**Enter a CONSTABLE.*

CONSTABLE. Leave off your singing, Mr. Punch, for I've come to make you sing on the wrong side of your mouth.

PUNCH. Why, who the devil are you?

CONSTABLE. Don't you know me?

PUNCH. No, and don't want to know you.

CONSTABLE. Oh, but you must: I am the constable.

PUNCH. And who sent for you?

CONSTABLE. I am sent for you.

PUNCH. I don't want constable. I can settle my own business without constable, I thank you. I don't want constable.

CONSTABLE. But the constable wants you.

PUNCH. The dickens he does! What for, pray?

CONSTABLE. You killed Mrs. Punch. You knocked her head off her shoulders.

PUNCH. What's that to you? If you stay here much longer, I'll serve you the same.

CONSTABLE. Don't tell me. You have committed murder, and I've a warrant for you.

PUNCH. And I've a warrant for you. (PUNCH *knocks him down, and dances and sings about the stage, to the tune of "Green grow the Rushes O."*)

Enter an OFFICER, in a cocked hat with a cockade, and a long pigtail.

OFFICER. Stop your noise, my fine fellow.

PUNCH. Shan't.

OFFICER. I'm an officer.

PUNCH. Very well. Did I say you were not?

OFFICER. You must go with me. You killed your wife and child.

PUNCH. They were my own, I suppose; and I had a right to do what I liked with them.

OFFICER. We shall see that. I'm come to take you up.

PUNCH. And I'm come to take you down. (PUNCH *knocks him down, and sings and dances as before.*)

Enter JACK KETCH, in a fur cap. PUNCH, while dancing, runs up against him without seeing him.

PUNCH (*with some symptoms of alarm*). My dear sir, I beg you one thousand pardons: very sorry.

J. KETCH. Aye, you'll be sorry enough before I've done with you. Don't you know me?

PUNCH. Oh, sir, I know you very well, and I hope you very well, and Mrs. Ketch very well.

J. KETCH. Mr. Punch, you're a very bad man. Why did you kill Mrs. Punch?

PUNCH. In self-defence.

J. KETCH. That won't do.

PUNCH. She wanted to kill me.

J. KETCH. How?

PUNCH. With a stick.

J. KETCH. That's all gammon. You must come to prison; my name's Ketch.

PUNCH. *Ketch* that then. (PUNCH *knocks down JACK KETCH, and continues to dance and sing.*)

Re-enter JACK KETCH.

J. KETCH. Mr. Punch, there is your gallows and likewise— (*retreats below.*)

PUNCH. What do you call a likewise?

J. KETCH.* There is your coffin.

PUNCH. What that for, I wonder? Oh, dear, I see now: what one fool I was! That is large basket for the fruit be put into. (*he takes up coffin, runs with it two circles round the stage and slams it down on to KETCH's head, depositing it with a bang down on to the stage.*)

J. KETCH (*adjusting the rove of the gallows*). Mr. Punch, step this way and have some dinner!

PUNCH. Much obliged Mr. Ketch, but I have already taken dinner.

*At this point, where the show is wholly or in part paid for by voluntary contributions, one of the performers, with a basket, passes round amongst the audience and takes up the collection.

J. KETCH. Come, then, and have some nice ice-cream.

PUNCH. Thank you, Mr. Ketch, I don't take ice now; it is too cold.

J. KETCH. Then come and have a good supper.

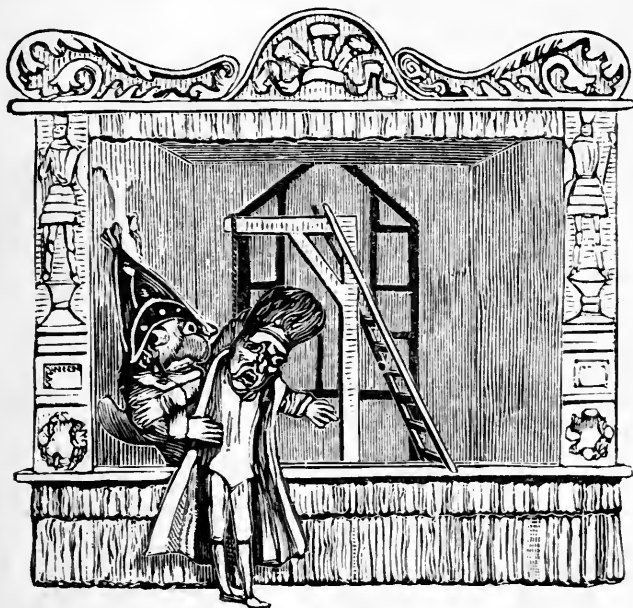
PUNCH. I never eat suppers; they are not wholesome.

J. KETCH. Then step this way and be hanged.

PUNCH. I'll be hanged if I will.

J. KETCH. Come directly.

PUNCH. I can't; I've got one bone in my leg.



J. KETCH. And you've got one bone in your neck which must soon be broken; but no more delay, Mr. Punch; put your head through this loop.

PUNCH. Through there? What for?

J. KETCH. Aye, through there. *(he holds the loop open.)*

PUNCH. What for? I don't know how.

J. KETCH. It is very easy: only put your head through here.

PUNCH. What, so? *(poking his head on one side of the noose.)*

J. KETCH. No, no, here!

PUNCH. So, then? *(poking his head on the other side.)*

J. KETCH. Not so, you fool.

PUNCH. Mind who you call fool: try if you can do it yourself. Only show me how, and I do it directly.

J. KETCH. Very well; I will. There, you stand just there and mind don't you move. (*he places PUNCH against the side-post of the stage*) Remember that you are not to move.

PUNCH. Oh, no; I'll never move.

J. KETCH (*about to put his head through the loop, noticing a little movement in PUNCH, says*) Ah, you moved.

PUNCH. Oh, no; I never moved.

J. KETCH. Now, Mr. Punch, you see my head, and you see this loop. Put it in so. (*putting his head through the noose.*)

PUNCH. And pull it tight—so! (*he pulls the rope forcibly down, and hangs JACK KETCH*) Huza! Huza!

J. KETCH (*wriggling his arms and body vigorously about*). Golly, golly, Mr. Punch, what are you doing? Leave go the end of that rope.

PUNCH. Not if I knows it. I say, old boy, how do you feel? (*KETCH ceases his struggling, and dies. PUNCH leaves his body hanging and calls*) Joey! Joey!

Enter JOEY.

JOEY. Why, Massa Punch, ye have been and hung the sheriff.

PUNCH. I know it. He wanted to hang me, and so I hung him.

JOEY. Was that so? Well, what are we to do with him now?

PUNCH. Take him down.

JOEY. That is so, Massa Punch. We will take his dead body down. (*they take him down, and remove the gallows.*)

PUNCH. Put him in his coffin.

JOEY. Good, Mr. Punch. But why, massa, they have not made the coffin long enough!

PUNCH. Double him up.

JOEY. Ah! that is so. We will double him up. But, Massa Punch, he'll not go in the coffin now.

PUNCH. Well, ram him down. (*PUNCH fetches his club, and tucks him down and in.*)

JOEY. And, massa, what will you do with him now?

PUNCH. Take him below. Lift.

JOEY. Oh, yes, massa; take him below—I lift. (*PUNCH lifts his end of the coffin several inches above the stage; but JOEY is dancing at the other end.*)

PUNCH. Why don't you lift?

JOEY. Oh, yes, massa; me lift my end up. (*but he still fools at lifting as before, whilst PUNCH raises his end high up.*)

PUNCH. I say—are you going to lift?

JOEY. Oh, yes, massa; we'll both lift.

PUNCH. Lift, will you? (*PUNCH fetches his club, and gives JOEY three cracks on the head; repeats*) Lift, will you?

JOEY. Oh, yes, yes, Massa Punch! me will lift now—right away now. (*they raise the coffin, and carry it twice from end to end of the stage, singing*) Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!

[*Exeunt, with coffin.*]

Re-enter PUNCH, who sings:

They're out, they're out! I've done the trick!
Jack Ketch is dead—I'm free;
I do not care, now, if Old Nick
Himself should come for me.

(*Goes off, and returns with a stick. He dances about beating time on the front of the stage, and singing to the tune of "Green grow the rushes O"*)

Right foll de riddle loll,
I'm the boy to do 'em all.
Here's a stick
To thump Old Nick,
If he, by chance, upon me call.

Enter the DEMON. He just peeps in at the corner of the stage, and exit.

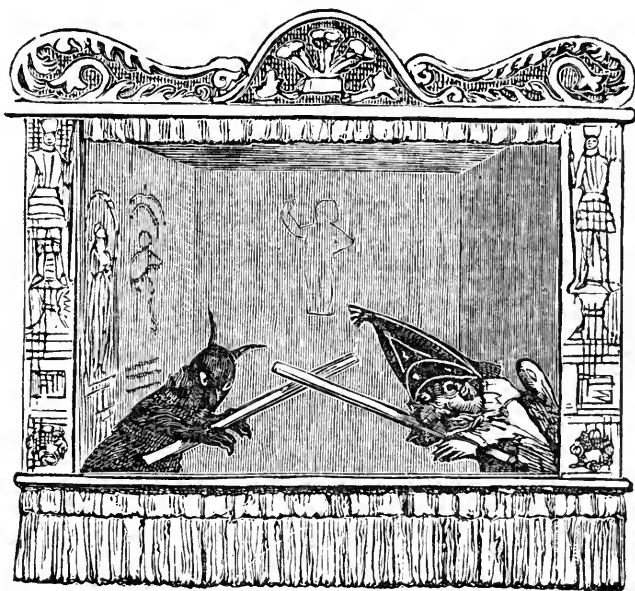
PUNCH (*much frightened, and retreating as far as he can*). Oh, dear! Oh, Lord! Talk of the demon, and he pops up his horns. There the old gentleman is, sure enough. (*a pause, and dead silence, whilst PUNCH continues to gaze at the spot where the DEMON appeared. The DEMON comes forward*) Good, kind Mr. Demon, I never did you any harm, but all the good in my power. There—don't come any nearer. How you do, sir? (*collecting courage*) I hope you and all your respectable family well? Much obliged for this visit. Good-morning! Should be sorry to keep you, for I know you have a great deal of business when you come to this city. (*the DEMON advances*) Oh, dear! What will become of me!

(*The DEMON darts at PUNCH, who escapes, and aims a blow at his enemy; the DEMON eludes it, as well as many others, laying his head on the platform, and slipping it rapidly backwards and forwards, so that PUNCH, instead of striking him, only repeatedly hits the boards.*)

[*Exit DEMON.*]

PUNCH. He, he, he! (*laughing*) He's off! He knew which side his bread buttered on. He one deep, cunning devil.

(PUNCH is alarmed by hearing a strange, supernatural, whirring noise, something like the rapid motion of fifty spinning wheels, and again retreats to the corner, fearfully waiting the event.)



Re-enter the DEMON, with a stick. He makes up to PUNCH, who retreats round the back of the stage, and they stand eyeing one another, and fencing at opposite sides. At last the DEMON makes a blow at PUNCH, which tells on the back of his head.

PUNCH. Oh, my head! What is that for? Pray, Mr. Demon, let us be friends. (*the DEMON hits him again, and PUNCH begins to take it in dudgeon, and to grow angry*) Why, you must be one very stupid demon not to know your best friend when you see him. (*the DEMON hits him again*) Be quiet, I say, you hurt me! Well, if you won't, we must try which is the best man—Punch or the Demon.

(*Here commences a terrific combat between the DEMON and PUNCH; in the beginning, the latter has much the worst of it, being hit by his black adversary when and where he pleases. At last the DEMON seems to grow*

weary, and PUNCH succeeds in planting several heavy blows. The balance being restored, the fight is kept up for some time, and, towards the conclusion, PUNCH has the decided advantage, and drives his enemy before him. The DEMON is stunned by repeated blows on the head and horns, and falls forward on the platform, where PUNCH completes his victory, and knocks the breath out of his body. PUNCH then puts his staff up the DEMON's black clothes, and whirls him round in the air, exclaiming: "Huzza! huzza! the Demon's dead!")



ACT VI.

THE SINKING SHIP.

SCENE.—*The Sea, with waves in motion.*

Enter NEGRO.

NEGRO. Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!

DUTCHMAN. What was that you were saying?

NEGRO (*points across the sea*). Don't you see that 'ere?

DUTCHMAN. Yaw! I see the sea.

NEGRO. Yah; but I mean that 'ere—right o'er there.

DUTCHMAN. Yaw! so now I do; but, lor, I've no telescope. What do you think it is?

NEGRO. Big ship! big ship! Maybe a man-o'-war.

DUTCHMAN. Do you think she's a-coming this way?

NEGRO. I do.

Enter IRISHMAN.

IRISHMAN. Arrah, my boys, glad you're here. Have you seen a steamship come along?

DUTCHMAN. Vell, yes; von in the distance—right over there.

IRISHMAN. Arrah, that is good! My old lady will be pleased now.

DUTCHMAN. Vy, Paddy, vot great event is on now?

IRISHMAN. Nothing, only my wife made me send over to old Ireland for her mother to come on, and she hurried me off this morning to look out for the good ship.

DUTCHMAN. I congratulate you, my boy. Going to have a mother-in-law to take care of thee.

IRISHMAN. Arrah, my friend, you try to strike me hard; but, you bet, I'll make it warm if the old lady don't provide me with a latch-key.

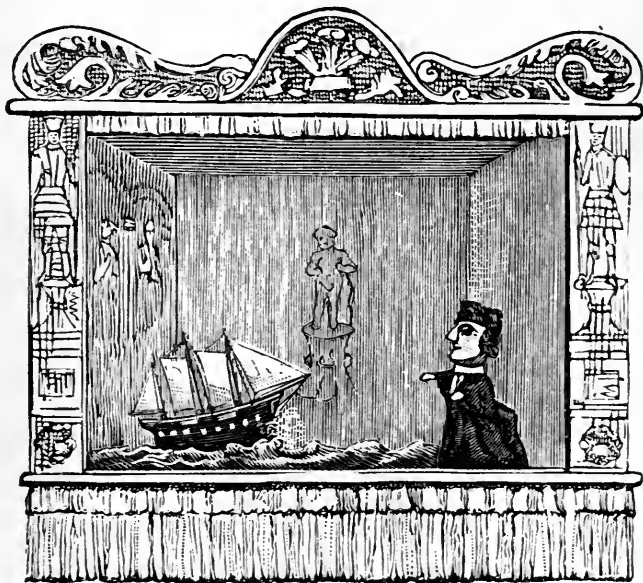
DUTCHMAN. Never mind for this von leetle bit o' chaff. Come with me, and take a little refreshment.

IRISHMAN. But I have to wait for the ship.

DUTCHMAN. That yon ship vill not be here for von whole hour yet. Come, now; thou hast time.

IRISHMAN. Arrah, well said! But what are those black clouds I see?

DUTCHMAN. See yon ship taking in her canvas. Hurry, before we are taken in the storm ourselves. [Exeunt.]



*(The waves of the artificial sea are now set in motion. Ship enters at the left side, and slowly sails twice across. On its third sail the ship is met by a Steamer, coming in an opposite direction. Voices are heard—"Hard a-port! Where are you coming to?" The Ship and Steamer collide together; voices are again heard—"We are sinking! Get out the life-boat!" The sails of the Sailing *Ship become ruffled up, and the Ship gradually sinks beneath the waves—the Steamer passes along uninjured.)*

* This ship is mechanically constructed, so that at the desired moment it is made to show signs of becoming a wreck. The steamer is in like manner constructed, with the addition that on its reverse side it represents a sailing vessel only. For this dialogue the steamer may be wrecked in place of the sail ship.

Enter DUTCHMAN.

DUTCHMAN. Yaw, yaw, that vessel is now no more.

IRISHMAN. Arrah, I say, is that ship come in yet?

DUTCHMAN. Ship come in! Vot, have you not heard the news?

IRISHMAN. News! What news?

DUTCHMAN. That ship has sunk—gone to the very bottom.

IRISHMAN. What! With all on board?

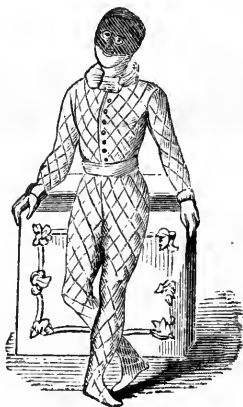
DUTCHMAN. Yes; all are drowned.

IRISHMAN. Then my wife's mother is gone, too. *(he puts his hands up to his face and cries.)*

DUTCHMAN. Vot! Crying because you've lost your mother-in-law?

IRISHMAN. No, friend, it is not that; but maybe when I tell my ole woman she'll be arter going frantic, and clubbing my head off.

DUTCHMAN. Nonsense! I'll come with you, and gradually break the sad, sad news. *[Exeunt.]*



THE BLACK JUDGE.

SCENE.—*The Prison-House.*

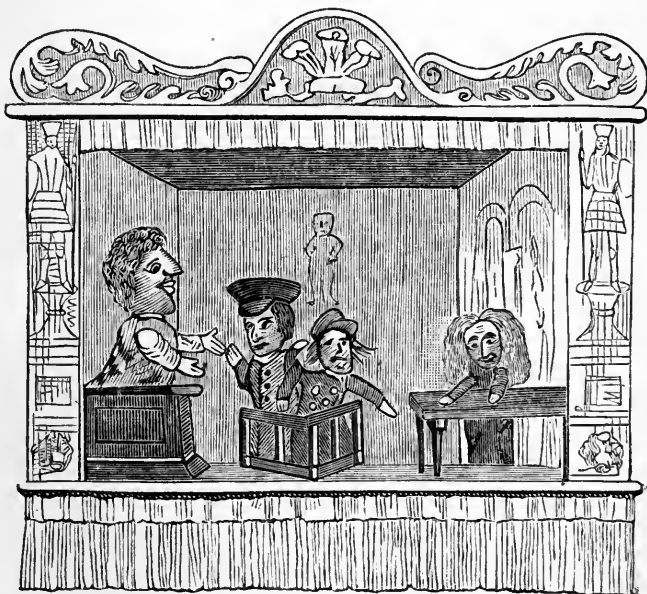
Enter two men who fix the JUDGE's bench in the hole used for the gallows.

PRISONERS' pen in the centre; LAWYERS' table on the left of stage.

[Exit.

JUDGE enters—takes his stand at the bench.

JUDGE. I have to inform my learned friends that the judge that should have been here, by the advice of his physician has left this day for Europe, and I will hold Court until his return.



LAWYER. What! A black Justice to hold Court?

JUDGE. Yes; I sit here to-day.

LAWYER. I object to your jurisdiction.

JUDGE. The Court overrules your objection, and fines you ten cigars for contempt of Court. Call the docket. Is it large? Where are the officers?

Enter COURT OFFICER.

OFFICER. Your Honor, there are several cases set down for trial.

JUDGE. Call the first that is guilty.

LAWYER. Michael Doolittle.

OFFICER. Michael Doolittle. (*goes for him, and marches him into the pen.*)

JUDGE. What is the charge?

LAWYER. Highway robbery.

JUDGE. Highway robbery! What is that?

LAWYER. Stealing from the person—taking the prosecutor's watch—his golden time-keeper.

JUDGE. Prisoner, what have you to say in mitigation of the sentence of the Court, pertaining to this heinous, serious charge?

PRISONER. I was guilty, your Honor, but that 'ere man (*points to the prosecutor*) came alone, and placed himself in my way.

JUDGE. Prisoner, is that your only defence? Were you hungry—were you hard up?

PRISONER. Had not one dime to rub against another.

JUDGE. The decision of this honorable Court is—

LAWYER (*interrupting*). Your Honor, so far from being hungry, he had on him—his person—a massive silver watch and a diamond ring.

JUDGE. What! Prisoners wear diamond rings?

LAWYER. Just the truth, your Honor.

JUDGE. Prisoner, look on the Court. You, having pleaded guilty to this most heinous, serious charge, the Court decides that you be taken back to jail, the diamond ring confiscated for the Court's own use, you to deliver up both watches to the prosecutor, and be by him sentenced to work at hard labor as many days as he may see fit.

[*Exit PRISONER.*]

JUDGE. Call the next case.

LAWYER. The next, your Honor, is an outfall betwixt a butcher and a baker.

JUDGE. A cat-fall between a butcher and a baker! How did that happen?

LAWYER. An outfall, your Honor—a misunderstanding—a fight.

JUDGE. Let them come into Court.

OFFICER (*calls*). Herman Kahlesole and William Paul. (*he brings them in and places in pen.*)

JUDGE. What is this grave charge all about?

LAWYER. Nothing grave, your Honor. It appears that this butcher, on leaving his store, stepped on a piece of fat, and fell with a quarter of beef. Paul, the baker, laughed at him. The butcher got angry, and so they set to punching one another's heads.

JUDGE. What! Punch one another's heads after the spill of a quartet of beef?

LAWYER. Just the history, Judge. I am instructed to recommend them to the merciful consideration of the Court.

JUDGE. Kahlesole, you have heard the charge against you, and the recommendation of your counsel. Are you ready to bury the hatchet?

BUTCHER. Vat! Mine ax? Nein, nein.

JUDGE. I mean to make peace and shake hands.

BUTCHER. Vell, vell, I will; but dot goesh against mine constitution. (*they shake hands and depart.*)

JUDGE. What is the next charge?

LAWYER. Intoxication.

JUDGE. Inoculation! Is that anything good to eat?

LAWYER. No, your Honor; I said intoxication—too much whisky.

JUDGE. Oh! I do comprehend. Call the wine-barrel in.

OFFICER (*calls*). Oscar Hubbs, this way in.

JUDGE. Hubbs, you were found drunk last night. What have you to say?

HUBBS. As long as the fox runs, he gets caught at last.

JUDGE. Does the fox ever have a ten-dollar note?

HUBBS. Sometimes; but not now.

JUDGE. You can go this time; but don't get into this fox-hole again.
[Exit HUBBS.]

JUDGE. What is the next charge?

LAWYER. Bigamy.

JUDGE. Bigger than me! How—in bad deeds?

LAWYER (*chuckling with laughter*). No; bigamy—a man that has married six wives.

JUDGE (*in astonishment*). Six wives! Are any of them in Court?

LAWYER. Yes; there are four here.

JUDGE. So the remaining two have gotten him here to be kept out of the four's way. I condemn the prisoner to be given up to the custody of the four, and if either is like mine at home, he will have punishment enough. Call the next case.

OFFICER (*calls and shows into pen*). Timothy Garpickle.

JUDGE. What is the charge?

LAWYER. Robbing hen-roosts.

JUDGE. Robbing her roasts! Roast what?

LAWYER. Hen-roosts—taking away the eggs and young chickens.

JUDGE. Prisoner, what have you got to say to the charge?

PRISONER. Guilty.

JUDGE. Clear him out; we'll stand no blarney fooling here. The Court and learned counsel will take a recess for luncheon.

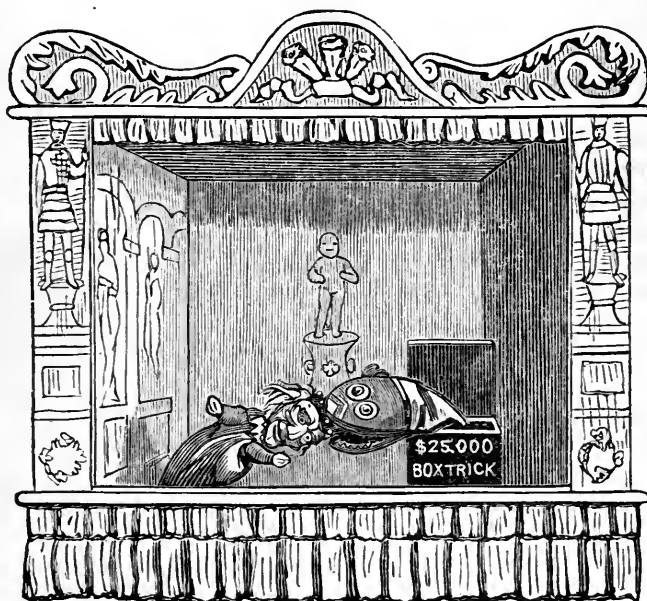
[*Exit* LAWYER.]

(*Voices are now heard from without. Two men, with sticks, enter, and demand an interview with the JUDGE. The OFFICER attempts to disarm them of their weapons. A lively fight ensues, during which the stage is cleared of its LAWYERS' table, PRISONERS' pen and JUDGE's box. The fight continuing, the JUDGE and COURT OFFICER at last succeed in causing the two pugilists to beat a hasty retreat.*)

The above Drama has been arranged for acting on the Punch and Judy stage. For the parlor acting Drama, which is on a more extended scale, send 15 cents to the publisher, for a copy of the "Dutch Justice."



* Mr. Punch and the Great \$25,000 Box Trick.



Enter FOREIGNER and MR. PUNCH.

FOREIGNER. Mr. Punch, have you heard the news?

PUNCH. News! What news?

FOREIGNER. Why, my boss has received from Europe a great twenty-five-thousand-dollar box.

PUNCH (*with a gesticulation of surprise, says*). I don't believe it.

FOREIGNER. It is all true, and he has left me in charge of it.

PUNCH. Is that so? Well, what is there inside that box?

FOREIGNER. Oh, I don't exactly know; but lots of funny things, alive, I think.

* This famous act never fails in bringing out a round of applause, and should be used as a closing piece to the popular Tragedies of Punch and Judy.

PUNCH. Well, suppose you bring it up, and let's see what it looks like.

FOREIGNER. Ah! so I will; but mind, you mustn't raise the lid up.

PUNCH. All right; go ahead—bring it up. (PUNCH commences to dance with delight.)

FOREIGNER. Yes, yes, it shall be brought up, but you must come down and help me, it is so heavy. (PUNCH disappears, following the FOREIGNER.)

Re-enter FOREIGNER and PUNCH, bearing box. They fix it in position.

FOREIGNER. Now mind, Mr. Punch, you are not to touch that box.

PUNCH (*dances up and down the stage in high glee; peeps round, and looks at front of box, says*). Oh, no; I not touch it.

FOREIGNER. Now, Mr. Punch, I am going away; but remember, you are not to touch that box. [*Exit FOREIGNER.*]

PUNCH. Oh, no; I not touch it. (*he taps, however, at side of box, and darts away, dancing.*)

FOREIGNER (*returning*). Ah! Now, Mr. Punch, I saw you touching that box.

PUNCH. Oh, no! me no go near it.

FOREIGNER. Now remember, Mr. Punch, if you go touching or opening that box, the little dog may wake up and bite.

PUNCH (*continuing his dance to and fro, says*). I not touch box; you can go away. (FOREIGNER disappears.)

(PUNCH, getting curious, remarks: "I'd like to see what is inside that box." Attempts to raise the lid, but is startled by a yell. Box flies open, and the little Dog pops his head and forepaws out; tries to get a grip at PUNCH, which he partially succeeds in. PUNCH squeals, and gets away; cautiously carries on a combat, ending in the little Dog being driven down, the lid of the box closing on him. MR. PUNCH, congratulating himself that there are no more foes, is startled by hearing a roaring sound, and, on attempting to open the lid, shows alarm at the appearance of his SATANIC MAJESTY.)

DEMON. Mr. Punch, I'm from the infernal regions.

PUNCH. Well, what of that?

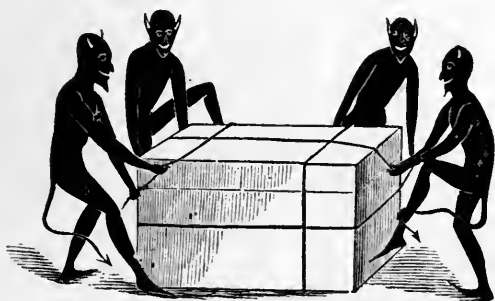
DEMON. I've come to take you below with me.

PUNCH. I don't know so much about that.

DEMON. Yes, Mr. Punch, your time is up; you have to come with me.

PUNCH. Then we'll fight.

(PUNCH and the DEMON have a very smart combat, during which the DEMON nearly succeeds in drawing MR. PUNCH down the box. PUNCH squeals, and wriggles himself away, afterwards taking care not to approach too near, to be again grasped by his MAJESTY; sets to making a vigorous attack, ending by driving the DEMON down the box. PUNCH is now greatly elated over his triumphal battle with the DEMON; darts quickly from corner to corner of the stage; then showing himself at the centre, approaches the box, raises up the lid, looks within, says: "I see there is nothing more in 'there, and being all safe, think that I will now take a nap." He lies down on the stage, his head towards the box. He is soon disturbed by the appearance of a wide-mouthed Snake, who tries to gulp him down. PUNCH, escaping, and emboldened with the success over his former foes, shows fight. Snake nips him, but he again escapes. PUNCH is much put about by the appearance, also, of a huge Crocodile on the opposite end of the stage. Finding the chances of victory going against him, he calls out for JOEY, who, appearing, is seized by the Crocodile. PUNCH forces him away, and, in his excitement, places him in the way of the wide-mouthed Snake, who gulps at him, and draws him down the box out of sight. Snake, reappearing, lays hold of MR. PUNCH, draws him squealing, headforemost, down the box, the Crocodile assisting by snapping at MR. PUNCH's legs as they are disappearing from view. The Crocodile plunges round about and over the front of the stage, but finding nothing more to snap at, also disappears from view.)





THE VENTRILOQUIAL CHAMPIONS

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DIALOGUE

FOR A PAIR OF

Ventriloquial Champions.

See Illustration.

PERFORMER. Well, my little boys, can you talk?

JOEY. Yes; I can talk.

FREDDY. And I can talk, too.

PERF. Since you can talk, will you please tell me your names?

FRED. Well, my name is Freddy.

JOEY. And call me Joey.

PERF. Well, Joey, how do you feel?

JOEY. Well, I don't feel very well.

PERF. Don't feel very well?

JOEY. No.

PERF. What appears to be the matter with you?

JOEY. Well, I was out in the rain, and I caught cold.

PERF. Out in the rain and caught cold?

JOEY. Yes.

FRED. I say, Mr. Valentine.

PERF. Yes, Freddy.

FRED. What good is the rain?

PERF. What good is the rain!

FRED. Yes.

PERF. The rain, my boy, has a tendency of bringing everything up from the ground.

JOEY. Well I hope it won't bring my old woman up.

PERF. (*with surprise*). What? Your old woman! You don't mean to say you were ever married!

JOEY. Yes, I was, once.

PERF. You are but a little boy. You don't look old enough to have been ever married.

JOEY. I am older than you think I am.

PERF. How old a man are you?

JOEY. I am more than twenty years old.

PERF. Do you pretend to say that you were born twenty years ago?

JOEY. I do.

PERF. I don't believe it.

JOEY (*looks in PERFORMER's face*). Was you there?

PERF. No.

JOEY. Well, I was.

PERF. Then, if you was there, you must know all about it.

JOEY. I do.

PERF. You are a pretty good speller, are you not, Joey?

JOEY. Yes, and I can count, too.

PERF. You can count! I'll just try you. What do two and two make?

JOEY. Please to give me a harder one than that.

PERF. Four and four?

JOEY. Eight.

PERF. Twice eight?

JOEY. Sixteen.

PERF. Ten and ten?

JOEY. Twenty.

PERF. Good, so far, Joey, but I shall catch you soon.

JOEY. No, you won't.

PERF. Well, we shall see. Twice eleven?

JOEY. Twenty.

PERF. Wrong. Ah, Joey! I've caught you this time. Twice ten was twenty.

JOEY. And twice eleven is twenty, too (two).

PERF. Right, Joey; you are getting smart. Can you spell milk?

JOEY. You must show me how.

PERF. Will soon do that. M-i-l-k.

JOEY. Milk.

PERF. No; I want you to spell it.

JOEY. M-i-l-k, milk.

PERF. I will try you on another. Spell sugar.

JOEY. S-e-g-a-r, segar.

PERF. That's wrong. Not segar—sugar, I want you to spell.

JOEY. That was right. S-e-g-a-r, segar.

PERF. No, no! What does my wife put in my tea in the morning?

JOEY. Ah! now I know. Whisky. Is that what it spells?

PERF. (*waiting a few seconds for the applause to quiet down, says*). Smart again, Joey. I'll try you yet on another. Constantinople.

JOEY. Oh, Jerushua! What an hard 'un!

PERF. Well, Joey, I will help you. Now, right after me. Con.

JOEY. Con.

PERF. Stan.

JOEY. Stan.

PERF. Ti.

JOEY. Ti.

PERF. No.

JOEY. No.

PERF. Ple.

JOEY. Ple.

PERF. Constantinople.

JOEY. Constable.

PERF. That was wrong. Constantinople—not constable.

JOEY. Well, that isn't the way we spelt it when I went to school.

PERF. Well how did you spell it, then?

JOEY. We spelt it in this way: Con, with a stan, with a t, with a ti, with a tippie, with a tople, with a Constantinople.

PERF. Good, Mr. Joey! After that we——

FRED. (*interrupting*). I say, Mr. Valentine?

PERF. Yes, Freddy.

FRED. Do you know that Joe went down-town and knocked down an old woman near sixty years old?

PERF. He did!

FRED. Yes, he did.

JOEY. Yes, and I would have knocked her down if she had been an hundred and sixty years old.

PERF. (*giving JOEY a box on the ear*). Now, you would do no such thing.

JOEY. Yes, I would.

PERF. Now, Joey, what was your father?

JOEY. Well they say that he was a good man.

PERF. I mean, what trade was he?

JOEY. My father, sir, was a glazier.

PERF. A glazier?

JOEY. Yes; and pray, Mr. Valentine, what was your father?

PERF. My father, sir, was a gentleman.

JOEY. A gentleman?

PERF. Yes.

JOEY. Then how was it, Mr. Valentine, that he did not make a gentleman of you?

PERF. Joey, you are getting a little too personal. (*turns to FREDDY*) Now, Freddy, what were you doing over the bridge last night?

FRED. I went over to see my girl.

PERF. And did you see her?

FRED. The old people would not let me into the house.

PERF. Well, what did you do?

FRED. I stood under a tree.

PERF. What happened then?

FRED. I got wet all over.

PERF. Well, I suppose that it rained.

FRED. No, not that. Some say that it was perspiration.

PERF. And was it that?

FRED. No; I guess that it was dish-water.

PERF. Now, Freddy, supposing that a man were to dig down deep into the earth, what would he come to?

FRED. To dirt.

PERF. But supposing that he were to dig down through the earth?

FRED. He would come out of the hole.

PERF. How is your aunty?

FRED. She has the chills and shakes at four o'clock every afternoon.

PERF. She has?

FRED. Yes; and I wish that she would shake out the half-dollar she promised me.

PERF. Now, Joey and Freddy, do you see that trunk?

JOEY. I do. Is any one in there?

PERF. Yes; a little girl.

FRED. Oh, do put me in there!

(PERFORMER *places them in the trunk; a hushed voice is heard from JOEY complaining that FREDDY will not give him any room. As the PERFORMER opens the box, voice is suddenly increased in depth of tone; he closes it; the voices are again heard in a subdued tone, until they quiet themselves. The PERFORMER, making a slight bow, draws the trunk off the stage.*)

For full description and prices of the Ventriloquial Champions, see pages 58 and 59 of Judd's Illustrated Catalogue, mailed by him for 15 cents. On page 78 will be found a Price List of Punch and Judy properties sold by him.

A YOUNG LADY'S CONVERSATION.

Enter PRETTY POLL.

"How do you do? I was just going into the garden wher papa said you were here; and, of course, it doesn't do to keep company, it's so rude. I'm sixteen to-day, and have just left school, and everybody says I've made such rapid progress as regards my education. Do you know they all say I've grown so tall lately? Well, I wouldn't have any objections to that if it wasn't for one reason, and that is— Well, I hardly like to tell you the reason, either; but I have a young man, and his name's Julius, and he's so awfully short himself his head hardly comes above my shoulder; but then, you know, half a loaf's better than no bread, and a short young man's better than none at all. Talking of Julius, I will tell you something. The other evening we were strolling up-town together, and Julius is awfully generous—he'd give me anything. Said he to me, 'Adelina, supposing I was to offer you a present, would you accept one?' Says I, 'Oh, certainly!' Accordingly we went into a store together, and while we were looking at the things, what should the young man do who stood behind the counter, but he came all the way round, took Julius by the shoulder. 'There,' says he, 'leave the things alone, and let your mamma pick what she likes.' Oh! I was awfully confused, and poor Julius, he didn't know which way to look. But when I got my present, what do you think that was? Oh, such a splendid pair of new shoes! But when I got home I found the young shopman had made such a foolish mistake—he'd wrapped up eights, and everybody knows I only take twos."



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